The Antioch Review

Desk
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
SEP 22 1952
PERIODICAL READING ROOM

An Important Monograph by ALFRED A. SKERPAN

Aspects of Soviet Antisemitism

Foreign Policy in a Democracy: Two Studies

Negotiation from Strength: the Psychological Problem — S. GROVER RICH

Ambassador Kennan and History — HENRY MAY

A Grass-Roots History of Oak Ridge

From Acorns to Atoms — CLIFFORD SEEBER

Will America Prove Marx Right? ..... PETER VIERECK

A Neglected Masterpiece: *Olympian Spring* ..... GILBERT HIGHET

Short Stories by WILMA SHORE and PEGGY MANN

A National Quarterly — Published in Yellow Springs, Ohio

Poems by Joseph Joel Keith and R. L. Cook

75c *Book Reviews* by Harry Bernstein and Freeman Champney

OXFORD BOOKS

Thomas Carlyle

The Life and Ideas of a Prophet

By JULIAN SYMONS. The first complete biography of Carlyle as man and husband, thinker and writer, uncouth youth of the Scottish hills and 'grim gray genius'. "It is a striking achievement . . . he has told us exactly what we ought to think and feel about the sage of Chelsea in this year 1952. Mr. Symons writes admirably and has a fine sense of proportion." —HAROLD NICOLSON, *The Observer* (London)
$3.50

Goethe's Faust

Parts I and II

An abridged version translated by LOUIS MacNEICE. In this new translation, a distinguished British poet communicates the letter and spirit, and the dramatic impact and emotional power of the original. He has followed Goethe line for line, adhering strictly to the German verse forms, and has omitted only those parts not suitable for dramatic presentation. $4.00

Marian Evans and George Eliot

A Biography

By LAWRENCE and ELISABETH HANSON. The personal life of Marian Evans and the professional life of George Eliot have been skillfully combined in an intimate, well-documented biography and an authoritative, critical evaluation of the woman and her work. $6.00

The French Mind

Studies in Honour of Gustave Rudler

Edited by W. G. MOORE and DOROTHY R. SUTHERLAND. Studies on various aspects of French literature and thought by colleagues and pupils of the late Professor Rudler. Included are: A Humanist Family in the Sixteenth Century, Montaigne's Notion of Experience, Racine's Style, The Retreat from Voltairianism, 1810-1815. With a bibliography of the writings of Gustave Rudler. $6.00

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.

Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

The ANTIOCH REVIEW

"Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?" —ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EDITORIAL BOARD
PAUL BIXLER
Chairman
LOUIS FILLER
Book Review Editor
W. B. ALEXANDER
HEINZ EULAU
GEORGE R. GEIGER
ALBERT W. LIDDLE*
HERMAN SCHNURER
ALBERT B. STEWART
EVERETT K. WILSON
FREEMAN CHAMPNEY
Business Manager
*on leave of absence

Indexed in the *International Index to Periodicals*

Published, Yellow Springs, Ohio, in March, June, September, and December by The Antioch Review, Inc., a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio. The Antioch Review is not an official publication of Antioch College and the views expressed in its columns are not necessarily those of the College. Subscription: $3.00 the year; Canadian, $3.50; Foreign, $4. Single copies, 75 cents.

Contributions should be sent to The Antioch Review, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Unsolicited manuscripts which are found unavailable for publication will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Editors assume no responsibility for the views expressed by contributors.

National Distributor
Eastern News Company
165 E. 35th St., N.Y. 16

Publication Office,
212 Xenia Avenue,
Yellow Springs, Ohio.
Entered as second-class matter, March 22, 1941 at the post office at Yellow Springs, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Contents

Negotiation from Strength: the Psychological Problem 259
S. GROVER RICH

Sunday Edition ..... *A Poem* 266
JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

Ambassador Kennan and History 267
HENRY MAY

Across the Estuary ..... *A Poem* 280
R. L. COOK

The Holdup at the Z & L ..... *A Story* 281
WILMA SHORE

Aspects of Soviet Antisemitism 287
ALFRED A. SKERPAN

Will America Prove Marx Right? 329
PETER VIERECK

A Neglected Masterpiece: *Olympian Spring* 338
GILBERT HIGHET

Alabama Boy ..... *A Story* 347
PEGGY MANN

From Acorns to Atoms 363
CLIFFORD SEEBER

Books 381
HARRY BERNSTEIN, FREEMAN CHAMPNEY

VOLUME XII SEPTEMBER, 1952 NUMBER 3

Copyright 1952 by The Antioch Review, Incorporated, Yellow Springs, Ohio. Contributions to The Antioch Review may not be reprinted in whole or in part without the permission of the Editors.

Editors' Shop Talk

A Congressional committee investigating subversive activities has gotten into a dispute with a witness over political terminology. The witness wanted to refer to certain radio writers as "left wing," but the committee insisted on the words "Communist or pro-Communist." For Congressional committees as careless of procedural etiquette as those investigating subversion, this bit of discrimination seems touching if not puristic. But the truth is that anyone's insistence on separating "Communist" from "left wing" calls for applause.

The distinction is not new nor has it been anyone's special secret. We ourselves, in 1949, published an article by David Spitz called "Why Communists Are Not of the Left." One of our friends at that time raised an objection to the article's publication. "Everybody," he said referring to the last six words of the title, "knows *that!*" Perhaps everyone knew that in 1949, and perhaps everyone knows it now. But for years one has scarcely been able to pick up any current reading matter without somewhere finding communism and "Left" associated. And although someone occasionally complains, the practice continues about as muddled as before.

We mention it here because we propose to do something about it. From now on "Communism" will not be associated with "Left" in our pages. We say that, blushing in the knowledge that they *have* been so confused on one page in this issue. (We won't tell where.)

* * *

Life magazine breaks a precedent by publishing all of Ernest Hemingway's new novel in a single issue. We break one by publishing Alfred Skerpan's "Aspects of Soviet Antisemitism" (p. 287), the longest article ever to appear in the *Review*. For a few moments we debated running his article in two installments—but quarterlies do not lend themselves to installment reading.

We asked the author to tell us about the writing of the article, and we quote one passage from a reply which we wish we could quote in full:

"I intended originally to write up an account of Soviet antisemitism from 1939 on, but when I began tracking down materials . . . a story appeared (roughly) which had never been told in any language (I don't read Yiddish, however). That was it. It also appeared that there was more official antisemitism than has ever been recognized, and in the face of the cold war it appeared more and more likely that it could be used as a device against the West whenever it served Soviet purposes. This was clearly in mind in 1949, when I finished the first draft of my article, and before evidence began to appear that this was actually transpiring. . . ."

Off and on, Professor Skerpan has been at this job of writing fifteen years. There seems something a bit modest about the word "Aspects" in his title.

Negotiation from Strength: The Psychological Problem

By S. GROVER RICH

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE fervently want peace, yet ironically enough they may cause the very war they seek to avoid, simply because of their misunderstanding of American foreign policy and the vital role they must play if it is to succeed.

To begin with, what *is* American foreign policy? In the words of its major architects, we aim to "reassume a military posture" and then "negotiate from situations of strength." In essence, we seek to remilitarize ourselves and our allies, create a system of armed alliances opposed to Russian power, and then negotiate settlements which will permit the peaceful coexistence of the two camps.

The danger of war in such a policy can hardly be overestimated. It is, to use General Marshall's phrase, "a calculated risk," based on the precarious assumption that Russia will permit us to erect a series of strongholds around her borders without a fight. Yet there is another risk we take—not with the Russians but our own people; namely, will the American people be *willing* to negotiate?

The question sounds absurd at first hearing. After all, the one thing Americans *do* agree upon is their desire for peace. Moreover, there is apparently a fairly widespread fear of our armament-alliance program and its possible consequences. Opponents range from Herbert Hoover to Henry Wallace, and in view of the periodic resistance of the "economy bloc" to congressional appropriations, one might ask whether we shall even be able to adequately defend ourselves, let alone play the role of an aggressor.

Yet in spite of some opposition we continue to arm ourselves and our allies according to plan, and if we are to avoid the pitfalls of such

---

S. GROVER RICH was an officer in the United States foreign service, 1942-46, and last year did research in American foreign policy at Princeton University as a Ford Foundation Faculty Fellow. He is now Assistant Professor of Political Science at the University of Utah.

a policy, now is a good time to re-examine the dangers inherently involved.

One of these dangers is surely the psychological unpreparedness of the American people. It must be remembered that we are being asked to do something few other people in history have been able to do—prepare for war and then sue for peace. A nation's capacity for compromise decreases as its rearmament increases, until the climate of opinion will no longer support give-and-take negotiations. It is extremely difficult for any country, once mobilized, to avoid war; the temptation to use its power is too great.

While this is true of any nation, it is especially true of democratic countries like our own, in which the government is responsive to popular will. Our avowed purpose is to "reassume a military posture," and our rearmament, if it is to be effective, must be moral and psychological as well as military. It is useless to produce tanks and ships if our people are not prepared to fight.

Yet in seeking to create the will to fight, do we not thereby destroy our ability to negotiate? We are reaching a point where "negotiation" is thought of as "appeasement" in the public mind. When this happens the danger is not merely one of chauvinistic government officials being unwilling to compromise, but of an aroused public demanding that they do not. Is not this the real significance of General MacArthur's popularity? A policy of "getting tough" is, at best, a dangerous proposition, if one's aim is not to fight.

In seeking to achieve "total" rearmament—moral as well as military—government spokesmen have bombarded the American people with a "hate the enemy" campaign rarely seen in our history; never, certainly, in peace time. Moreover, as Communism is the enemy, our preponderantly conservative press has readily fallen into line. This campaign, while certainly justified in most cases, is rapidly convincing the American people that the Communists are impossible to deal with; that it is useless to reason with them as they understand only one thing: force.

The degree of truth in this is not the important thing; rather it is whether any people so convinced are capable of negotiating. The term negotiation by its very nature implies compromise, and any real attempt to reach a peaceful settlement with Russia will obviously involve painful concessions on the part of both parties.

Yet any administration which determines to achieve an honest settlement will surely be accused of "appeasement." The State Department is already thought of in some circles as being the captive of its conservative opposition. "McCarthy," it is said, "not Acheson, is making our policy." Once the public's hatred of Russian Communism has reached a white heat, it will take a very brave Secretary of State indeed to even advocate—yet alone try to conduct—a compromise settlement with the USSR. The political unpopularity of such a policy may prove too great for any office holder to ignore. He would fall easy prey to our professional patriots and headline-hunting congressmen. No man these days can afford to be labeled "pro-red," "Communist dupe," or "appeaser," and expect to remain long in public service. Apparently no one is immune from such attacks, moreover. Even Eisenhower, in the New Hampshire primary campaign, was accused of "softness towards Russia." Such tactics may ultimately make it impossible for any administration to bargain diplomatically with the Soviets, and the only alternative to diplomatic negotiation is eventual war.

Our allies in particular are fearful that a combination of American blundering, bluff, and impatience will provoke a "wrong war, at the wrong time, and in the wrong place." We would do well to make a more serious effort to understand these fears. Their periodic reluctance to accept American policies and leadership with the proper enthusiasm may at times prove frustrating, but it may also provide a necessary stabilizing influence.

Now would be a good time for Americans to dip into the history books and review the story of our entrance into the Spanish-American war. It illustrates amply how an aroused public opinion, whipped up by an irresponsible press, can readily push a reluctant government into war. Who can say at what point today's chauvinism and McCarthyism will get out of hand? I for one do not want to fight a "Holy War" brought on by mass hysteria.

Those who guide our present psychological and military rearmament bear a terrifying responsibility. They not only take a "calculated risk" with the enemy, but with their own people. They do not control the process of molding public opinion, yet they are accountable to it.

It is time that the term "negotiation from strength" be more clearly spelled out for the American people. There is a decided difference between "negotiation" and "dictation." Any attempt to dictate

to the Russians could lead to only one conclusion, for big powers of relatively equal strength simply do not dictate to each other; they fight. Unless the necessity of compromise is made clear to our people we may needlessly cause a war we seek to avoid.

Our policy is predicated on the assumption that the Russians will permit us to arm an anti-Soviet coalition without a fight. This makes it all the more necessary to make our intentions clear, for surely they cannot be expected to sit idly by and watch us rearm if they are convinced we intend to wage a war against them. If either our intentions or our ability to negotiate peacefully is questioned, the Soviets will have little choice but to strike when it best suits them.

Meanwhile our more irresponsible newspapers talk of preventive war, an American airman publicly advocates the atomic bombing of Russia, and an American general writes in his diary: "War! As soon as possible! Now!"

All the while the Politbureau is skeptically trying to determine our real intentions. "It is perfectly true," they might argue, "that the Americans claim they want only to create a more favorable balance of power; but when will a 'balance' of power become a 'preponderance' of power? They say they seek only to negotiate from strength; but how much strength, and when will 'negotiation' become 'dictation'? They say the door is always open to a reasonable settlement of our differences; but what is 'reasonable,' and when will they slam the door?

"Surely the Americans know that the balance of power is a British myth. No nation wants a real balance; they all seek an imbalance in their favor. What the Americans really want, then, is to bargain with us from a position of superior power. Surely they are political realists enough to realize that this is impossible, however. We shall never permit ourselves to become unarmed as they did following World War II. So they probably know that they will have to deal with us on fairly even terms some day. What is important to us, then, is whether they will be *able* to negotiate. The present administration may mean what it says, that it intends to bargain diplomatically; but in the end the U.S. government is a creature of what the Americans like to call 'public opinion,' which is molded by forces increasingly hostile to compromise."

We Americans, however, do not have a monopoly on recalcitrance. There is a very grave danger that Russia will also reach a point where

she is unable to negotiate. She may well have reached it already. Russia's leaders may be the cool and calculated schemers they are usually pictured to be; on the other hand, they may be merely a handful of desperate men with their backs to the wall, willing to take any step, however drastic, which might save them from destruction.

It is true, of course, that any dictatorship is capable of sudden shifts in policy while democracies are not. It has taken the United States five years, and nearly as many Secretaries of State, to swing from cooperation to a "get tough" policy with Russia. At each step of the way—Truman Doctrine, Marshall Plan, NATO, German Rearmament—the government has had to pause and wait for reluctant elements of press and public to catch up. In contrast, the USSR went along blandly professing its hatred of Nazism for years, only to make a military alliance with Hitler overnight. In a sudden reversal of policy, Stalin recognized the Badoglio Government in Italy at a time when our own State Department, fearing public reaction, didn't dare. Russia broke dramatically with Tito in 1949, yet our own government is still unable to take full advantage of the break.

In brief, Russian foreign policy is dictated by a handful of men who control opinion, rather than reflect it. It may not seem unreasonable to assume, therefore, that the USSR is capable of reversing itself and negotiating a settlement with us.

The situation is not this simple, however. Few of Russia's apparent policy reversals in the past have involved a significant loss of territory or other power elements vital to her national interest; rarely has she lost even prestige. Yet on practically every major issue on which the United States and Russia are in disagreement, effective settlement will involve the most fundamental concessions on the part of both. In every geographic area and upon every principle where there is conflict, neither party can back down without a severe loss of prestige, military and territorial advantage, or both. Can either side permit the other to unify and rearm Germany? Will we get out of Japan, or they out of East Europe? Will we abandon NATO, and can they permit a rearmed Western Europe?

Assuming the improbable, if Stalin should announce tomorrow that he is sincerely ready to negotiate a world-wide settlement of our differences, what could we say? What are we prepared to give up? And if we confess the inability of our own statesmen to compromise

on these vital issues, we must also recognize the difficulties facing the Kremlin.

The danger of war is compounded by the fact that the Soviets and Americans are not the only ones playing this game of Russian Roulette. The United States is passing out aid to all takers, garnering allies from every corner of the globe, and doing everything possible to bolster their resistance to Russia. Meanwhile the USSR is conducting a ruthless purge of the leadership of its satellites and fomenting a vitriolic anti-American campaign on its side of the iron curtain. The result is inevitable: diplomatic "incidents" occur daily which not long ago would have resulted in hostilities. In 1739 a few over-enthusiastic Spaniards cut off the ear of an English Sea Captain and His Britannic Majesty promptly declared war. Today such an incident wouldn't even rate a by-line in the daily press. Diplomacy has admittedly sunk to new depths, but how many American planes can be shot down and how many American correspondents jailed before a war is provoked?

Historians conclusively agree that one of the major weaknesses of alliance systems is the danger of irresponsibility on the part of the lesser countries of the alliance. Backed by a big power, they are prone to take actions they would not otherwise dare to take, actions which often involve the major powers in a war they would prefer to avoid. Our refusal to arm South Korea before the Communist attack was predicated on this fact. In view of the outcome of that policy, we are now proceeding under full throttle to arm all potential allies—even against the apparent wishes of some of them, as in the case of West Germany.

Yet, as Korea itself proves, big wars are started by small countries. It is perfectly true that the most powerful nations can cause a major conflict by miscalculation, at Hitler did in 1939; more often, however, wars begin inconsequentially with the assassination of an Austrian Archduke or some other minor incident between lesser countries. Goaded on by one or the other of the present "Big Two," a belligerent Turkish diplomat or Hungarian army officer could easily by some irresponsible act begin a chain of events which would lead us all into the morass of World War III, if the attack on South Korea has not already done so.

The lesson of all this should be clearly understood: Events have forced us to adopt policies which are completely foreign to our nature and ideals as a people—policies which, at best, must overcome great

odds to succeed. The results of armament races, alliance systems and power balancing in the past prove this only too well. History is on the side of the skeptic.

We hardly need be reminded, however, that even though the odds are against us, the alternative to measured resistance is national suicide; history is equally clear in this regard. Refusal to meet the challenge would not only mean war but defeat. Our policy is not wrong, therefore, but only dangerous—far more so than the public has yet realized.

If this policy is to succeed, the psychological preparation of the American people is a prime requisite. As a nation we are entering a sort of "psychological no-man's land," quite unlike anything we have ever known before. At best we face a twenty-year war of nerves, and the only foreseeable alternative to armed war is an armed stalemate. This situation is unique to Americans, one in which history provides few guideposts. Past experiences leave us totally unprepared to meet the problems we must face—many of them as yet unknown. Our national habit of assuming that there is always a quick and easy answer, our characteristic impatience, and our traditional ideas about what we continue to mis-call "war" and "peace," are perhaps as dangerous to us as Stalin himself.

The victory of our foreign policy may ultimately depend upon the American people. Steel nerves, calm persistence, and continued political maturity on their part could easily spell the difference between success and failure; between peace and war. This is assuredly no time for cold feet; but cool heads will help considerably.

Sunday Edition

By Joseph Joel Keith

War screams, so peace becomes a whisper
and less than that in our most blatant pages.
The Golden Wedding tale is lost among the comics,
and page-one murder rages.

Love has no value. Lust is featured,
especially in the costly Sabbath sections,
along with market gains and Senator McCarthy,
and various resurrections.

Defended by the movie scribbler,
by the cinema's Big Business, Mimi Jolly,
caught in a love nest, joins the big production
and gets a raise for folly;

this, the big story, shortens
activities of lesser girls of passion,
given free board by firm or winking clean-robed justice;
alas, such is the fashion.

As the Sunday lamb's digested
father dozes, son turns from the paper
and humor to his pistols, mom rereads the story
of the housewife and the raper.

Joseph Joel Keith has recently published a book of poetry *The Stubborn Root* (University of Nebraska Press).

Ambassador Kennan and History

By HENRY MAY

GEORGE F. KENNAN'S *American Diplomacy 1900-1950*[1] is not only a fascinating historical essay: it is in its own right an important historical phenomenon. At this uneasy moment, State Department officials who have, in the past, deviated from present majority views on certain subjects are the targets of bitter attack. Yet this devastating criticism of the entire American foreign policy tradition has been received with almost unanimous praise and its author, a major State Department figure, has been appointed to our most critical diplomatic post.

This paradox is striking but not, I think, hard to understand. Much of the American public is, at present, extremely unreceptive to any radical criticism of our tradition or mores. Conservative criticism on the other hand, though it may represent a fundamental break with most of the past, is enjoying a new prestige. Conservative views in religion, political philosophy, the arts, and literature are being presented with a sophistication and confidence that they have long been unable to command. Thus Mr. Kennan is riding an important, if not the major, tide in contemporary American intellectual development. His criticism is fundamental, but it is deeply conservative.

Mr. Kennan's beliefs and loyalties are nowhere more apparent than in his choice of heroes. Despite his criticisms of their execution of foreign policy, he makes a point of stating his admiration for Secretaries of State Hay, Root, Hughes and Stimson, and for no others. All

[1]University of Chicago Press. 1951. $ 2.75.

HENRY F. MAY's chief professional interest is American intellectual history rather than criticism of our foreign policy, and it is from the former point of view that he wrote the present article. He has published *Protestant Churches and Industrial America* (Harper, 1949), and is at work on a study of American cultural history in the 1920's. This fall he leaves Scripps College to become Associate Professor of History at the University of California at Berkeley.

these are representative of the best tradition of American conservatism. "These men embodied," says Mr. Kennan, "that pattern of integrity of mind and spirit, moderation and delicacy of character, irreproachable loyalty in personal relations, modesty of person combined with dignity of office, and kindliness and generosity in the approach to all who were weaker and more dependent, which constitutes . . . our finest contribution to the variety of human species in this world and comes closest to embodying our national ideal and genius." Whether this particular set of qualities are those characteristic of the traditional American hero might be questioned, for instance, by admirers of Andrew Jackson. Few would deny, however, that they are traits most admired by the true conservative. The two prophets who, according to Kennan, saw the true meaning of America's international position when few others could were Admiral Mahan, and, rather surprisingly, Brooks Adams. Both of these men were basically conservative, though Adams' conservatism was of a special and somewhat irrational variety. On the other hand, Wilson, the embodiment of the liberal tradition, receives the author's most sweeping though always temperate, condemnation.

Mr. Kennans' conservatism is of course no relation whatever to ignorant stand-pattism. His kind of conservative makes every effort, with due suspicion of his own and other's emotions, to examine existing conditions with objectivity. He tries to base his present action on a sane acceptance of reality, interpreted according to the best tradition of the past. Nobody could be more hostile than Kennan to the frantic, destructive denunciation of recent policy which accompanies this, as it has other, swings in American opinion. Nobody could reject more whole-heartedly the ill-thought-through emotional substitutes for present policy that come to the fore in such a time of change: the contemporary figure with whom Kennan most specifically disagrees is General MacArthur. One can but hope that Kennan's variety of intelligent conservatism has a considerable role to play in the immediate future: it may even be that it is destined to have another turn in the center of the stage, its first since the Federalist period. Yet (as I am sure Mr. Kennan would agree) neither this nor any other tendency of opinion should be accepted hastily and uncritically: experience has shown that all waves of the future need the closest scrutiny.

The principal content of Mr. Kennan's powerful little book consists of six lectures on the history of American foreign policy, the

product of considerable study and contemplation during a recess in his active service. These are rather awkwardly supplemented by his two famous articles outlining the policy of containment of Communism, one written well before and one after the presentation of the lectures. His basic criticism of American foreign policy action to date is stated specifically in his sixth and summary lecture, and by implication in all the preceding comment on concrete historical episodes. "The most serious fault," he is sure, has lain in "the legalistic-moralistic approach to international problems."

Legalism is represented by the "attempt to transpose the Anglo-Saxon concept of individual law into the international field and to make it applicable to governments." One form of this error, the belief in collective security through international organization, is given summary and fairly familiar treatment. Collective security ignores the necessity of change in the state pattern and assumes a nonexistent sovereign equality of states. It cannot be enforced against a great power except by another great power: Korea seems to Mr. Kennan to indicate the "law of diminishing returns" in "the possibilities for multilateral military action." The true sanction against destructive international behavior must be found in realistic great-power relations.

Only the most insistent optimists could reject entirely Mr. Kennan's statement of the present limits of international action. Present American policy could well profit at some points from these particular strictures: the game of ringing up numerical majorities in the Assembly while all the other major powers abstain from voting can be carried to fruitless and undignified lengths. Yet Mr. Kennan might reassure us a little by pointing out some of the functions which international organization has handled successfully. Even the careful observance of the fictitious convention of small-power equality is, like other pieces of punctilio, useful and even indispensable under certain circumstances.

This particular criticism of American policy plays, however, a comparatively minor part in Mr. Kennan's total indictment: reliance on international organization has hardly been the dominant motif of American policy over the last fifty years. Far more than collective security is included by Mr. Kennan in his indictment of "moralism-legalism." He does not quite deny to moral principle any function at all in the international realm, but he clearly subordinates it to other criteria. In his most revealing sentence, he wishes that "instead of mak-

ing ourselves the slaves of the concepts of international law and morality, we could confine these concepts to the unobtrusive, almost feminine, function of the gentle civilizer of national self-interest in which they find their true value."

Another major source of difficulty has been our failure to understand the nature of force. Those charged with the execution of foreign policy must constantly keep in mind not only the particular limits on American power under given circumstances, but also the general and inevitable limits of military action. Kennan is at his best in presenting the attitude toward war of a humane nonpacifist. The use of force may be necessary to defend vital interests, but we must avoid the delusion that it can ever achieve intrinsically constructive results. Thus the idealistic purposes always stated, and believed in, by democracies in wartime, can never actually be carried out by war. Moreover, in the particular power-struggle in which we are now engaged, even formal military victory for either side is unlikely.

Mr. Kennan's criticism of the method of traditional American foreign policy is closely related to his disapproval of some of its goals. Many of our failures have stemmed, he thinks, from "erratic and subjective" short-term trends of public opinion which have interfered with executive conduct of foreign affairs. Mr. Kennan couples this complaint with a statement that he does not consider public reaction to foreign-policy questions erratic over the long run, but his historical account hardly brings to light any fundamental soundness in it.

To correct these faults, Mr. Kennan calls, first, for a frank recognition that national self-interest is the proper basis of foreign policy. Of course this self-interest is to be conceived in humane and civilized terms: if our domestic purposes are decent and conceived without "delusions of superiority" our pursuit of our own interest will automatically lead toward a better world. Furthermore our promotion of our interests must be proportioned to the realities of power. Obviously such a foreign policy must be carried out by professionals, and Mr. Kennan makes a deeply felt plea for the development of a group of foreign policy experts as a major goal.

Mr. Kennan's general diagnosis and prescription is based on an examination of historical evidence, and it is impossible to criticize it without presenting some of the evidence. Starting his historical examination in 1900, Mr. Kennan argues that the idyllic security which America had long enjoyed rested on a geopolitical base. It

depended on the balance of power among the European continental "powers of the interior" preventing any single domination of the Eurasian land-mass. Our interests were thus connected with the security of the Atlantic powers and particularly with the prestige of England, the guarantor and promoter of the balance.

The Spanish war, essentially unrelated to these great interests, is presented by Mr. Kennan as an "almost quaint" illustration of our foreign-policy habits. War was forced on an indecisive executive by a morally aroused public opinion, despite the possibility of moral rectification by conciliation. The big decision of the war, its expansion from Cuba to the Philippines, was arrived at in a mysterious manner by a Washington clique. The fateful decision to retain our new Asiatic possessions, a decision which Kennan deplores as unsuited to our political tradition and institutions, was made because an alternative was hard to find and because large sections of the American people found that they enjoyed "the smell of empire."

Our principal Asiatic policies, the Open Door and the promotion of the territorial integrity of China, were derived from a misunderstanding of an obsolete British policy, long out of touch with Chinese realities. The United States tended to rely on repeated statements of these policies and avoided any commitment to back them with force. When Japan became the chief claimant to a special position in China, America alternated between apparent acceptance of that position, especially with regard to Manchuria, and moralistic efforts to frustrate Japanese purpose. Kennan is particularly critical of the American movement after World War I to deprive Japan of "what she conceived to be the fruits . . . of her participation in the war against Germany." He is not sure whether a sounder policy would have avoided the Pearl Harbor clash, but indicates that he thinks it might. He points out, with telling effect, that with the accomplishment of our apparent purpose, the elimination of Japan from the mainland, we have had to take over from her the burden that we refused to understand.

In his most moving and brilliant chapter, Kennan presents World War I as the real tragedy of the twentieth century. Later disasters have flowed more or less inevitably from its destruction of the European balance and from the hopelessly irrational emotions it aroused. The United States varied as usual in this crisis between an insufficient recognition of real perils to our interests and an emotional overcom-

mitment. At first the Wilson administration confined its concern to the preservation of neutral rights, which Kennan dismisses as an obsolete and silly fetish. Then, as some leaders recognized the serious dangers of British collapse, America jumped into all-out war, armed with a complete set of Utopian goals. Mr. Kennan, in one of his few presentations of an alternative course, says that Wilson should have armed the nation early and used the resultant power for the purpose of shortening and moderating the war. If this proved impossible, he should have intervened on the sole ground of preserving Britain, refraining from all crusading slogans and extremist commitments, declining to countenance the destruction of enemy political systems and empires. At the peace conference he should have used his influence for a restoration of the continent's stability.

America's possible objectives at the time of World War II were distinctly limited. Well before its outbreak, Kennan says, the western democracies were in a hopelessly inferior position to the three total empires, Germany, Russia and Japan. It was impossible to defeat one of these potential adversaries without the help of another, and thus impossible to promote our genuine ultimate interests by war. He hints, without time for complete examination of this interesting suggestion, that it might have been possible by a conciliatory policy to detach Japan. He dismisses the Munich policy of fomenting German-Russian strife as incompatible with the existence of the small East European states. Only swifter action in the '20's and '30's, to prevent the coming to power of Hitler, and to a lesser degree a firmer front at the time of his first moves, could really have helped to prevent the tragedy. In American diplomacy during the war he finds comparatively little to criticize. Perhaps it might have been better to present a firmer and more consistent front to our Russian ally, but his criticisms of coalition diplomacy are rather of manner than of substance. Yalta for the most part confirmed an existing military situation, altering little. He suggests, and evidently urged at the time, that lend-lease to Russia should have been earlier terminated. Yet he understands the Roosevelt hope for great-power collaboration, and sadly agrees that perhaps it was best to explore, once and for all, this essentially unpromising course.

This summary of fifty years makes a sad story, and one that every student of American history, or for that matter, of the vanity of human purposes, should ponder. Yet it seems to me that Kennan's presenta-

tion and use of it contains a few fallacies and a few mistakes of emphasis. In the first place, one must remember that Mr. Kennan's brilliant summary cannot possibly serve to allot any definitive share of blame for the tragedy of the last fifty years to any particular shortcomings of American diplomacy. Certainly he knows this: at times his historical discussion seems to lose sight of it. Granted that our emotional and erratic zigzags of public opinion are harmful, can it be demonstrated that they have been more destructive than other kinds of errors, for instance those to which isolated experts are liable?

For instance, in the example of the Spanish War, Kennan says in passing that the most crucial decision, the despatch of Dewey to Manila, was taken "primarily on the basis of a very able and quiet intrigue by a few strategically placed persons in Washington." Certainly the ignorant and emotional public, which had never heard of the Philippines, had very little to do with the imperial and military conceptions of Theodore Roosevelt and his friends, a circle which included Mr. Kennan's far-sighted prophet, Admiral Mahan. Yet the consequences of the war which Mr. Kennan seriously deplores followed almost entirely from this particular "expert" decision. Supposing that the war had been carried on entirely in response to the moralistic public opinion which brought it on—would it not have resulted merely in the expulsion of Spain from Cuba, a by-no-means undesirable or undeserved conclusion? Would not the American imperial commitment in the Far East, which Mr. Kennan deplores, have been avoided?

Obviously public opinion, no matter how moralist, is not always wrong, and obviously believers in balance-of-power politics are not always right. Brooks Adams, for instance, was, in Mr. Kennan's view, one of the few who understood the importance of the European balance of power, though his views on international politics in general were only partly right. Yet in 1914 Adams was so far from what Mr. Kennan sees as the proper position that he hoped for a German victory rather than a British.[2] What, one wonders, would be the result of a careful comparison between the effectiveness of American foreign policy and that of a sample country whose professional diplomats have been less hampered?

In the second place, I wonder if it is possible to blame particular policies for particular bad results without more of an attempt to sug-

---

[2]Quoted in Daniel Aaron, *Men of Good Hope* (New York, 1951), 274.

gest alternative courses. Does Mr. Kennan think, for instance, that an acceptance of Japan's claims to domination of China under the Twenty-One Demands in 1915 would have led to more favorable results than the actual course? Would an absence of all American pressure on Japan in the 1930's have had no unfavorable effect on the European balance of power? These questions, like all hypothetical questions in history, are unanswerable, yet to raise them might make the actual course followed seem less abysmal. It may be that Mr. Kennan rather overrates the possibilities open to American policy in this depressing half-century.

In the only alternative policy which he does clearly suggest, Mr. Kennan underlines what seems to me a third, and more serious, deficiency in his whole approach. Whatever the shortcomings of public opinion, it seems unwise to neglect its power. Could Woodrow Wilson really have taken America into the war exactly when it became necessary and only on balance-of-power grounds? In this instance Mr. Kennan admits the criticism in advance: this is a politically unrealistic suggestion. Yet in the subsequent paragraphs he seems to dismiss this consideration from the argument. "History does not forgive our national mistakes because they are explicable in terms of our domestic politics. . . . A nation which excuses its own failures by the sacred untouchableness of its own habits can excuse itself into complete disaster."

To exclude domestic politics excludes a large section of reality from Mr. Kennan's historical comment, here and elsewhere. Wilson had in fact two alternatives. He could have decided that his first duty was to keep the country out of war at all costs, even if his best efforts at mediation failed, even if he were faced with the prospect of British defeat. Or he could have decided to take the country into war if it finally became necessary to prevent British defeat, with the full knowledge that this course would entail all the destructive consequences of an all-out crusade. Of course Wilson was not this kind of realist and did not make his choice in these terms. He was rather a spokesman for a certain section of public opinion than an aloof calculator of its direction. Yet these were essentially the alternatives open to his administration. History made the choice and it is hard to prove on Mr. Kennan's grounds that the choice was wrong.

Of course another man in Wilson's position might have tried, with however limited hope of success, to mitigate the force of the crusading emotions aroused by American entry into war. Perhaps

another kind of realist than the kind Mr. Kennan admires might have been partly successful in such an effort. At its best, the relation between the executive and public opinion in the United States is a very subtle one of mutual education as well as a tug-of-war. Occasionally it is possible to influence public opinion. Sometimes it is necessary, for short periods, to defy it. This must be done, however, only with the greatest respect for the power of popular emotion, and with an uneasy eye on the possibility that its promptings might turn out to be right. The master of this game was Abraham Lincoln, who at times seemed to have incurred the condemnation of every important bloc of opinion in the country, yet in the long run was able to hold together his uneasy coalition and achieve his major purposes.

Woodrow Wilson was not a master of this game, but even if he had been it is doubtful whether he could greatly have mitigated the emotional extremes of public opinion regarding the Allied cause in the moral climate of those years. Actually Wilson's greatest error was not his failure to control opinion in 1917, but his defiance of it in 1918-20, when, after the clear portent of the Congressional elections he acted on the Messianic assumption that his personal leadership could swing both Europe and America behind his total program. In this instance, Mr. Kennan, who dislikes the whole Versailles program, would doubtless agree that it was not the popular emotion that was wholly mistaken, and not subservience to it that was the executive's fault. Wilson's courageous neglect of domestic politics must bear its share of blame for the reaction into an extreme of isolation. History does not forgive this kind of mistake either, unless she forgives all mistakes.

Even more central to Mr. Kennan's view than its abstraction from domestic politics is its exclusion of moral criteria from international politics. My fourth and last criticism rises from a doubt whether such an exclusion is altogether "realistic" in any meaningful sense. Is it, for instance, always idle for national spokesmen to state their feelings about matters beyond their control? Were the repeated statements of the United States in favor of the territorial integrity of China entirely without effect on American standing in Asiatic countries? The Fourteen Points were always impossible of complete attainment, yet whence came the immense power Wilson wielded (and perhaps mishandled) at Versailles if not from popular admiration of this idealistic program? Should the United States have refrained from com-

ment about the Nuremberg Laws of 1935, or the Czech coup d'etat of 1948, because it could undo neither? Moral force has played too large a part in the actual balance of power to be lightly written off.

It is likely that national interest might indeed be a satisfactory sole criterion of foreign policy if its nature were always to be interpreted by a Kennan. It is hard to see how the fundamental interest of the United States could be stated by any such profound and acute observer in any terms that did not include the maximum freedom and welfare of all peoples. But when moral absolutes are thrown out the door, as we have seen too often, a good many still more dangerous conceptions are likely to come in the window. Moral idealism has, as Mr. Kennan says and as superficial "realists" often find it difficult to believe, actually played a considerable role from time to time in the determination of concrete foreign policy in this country, and in a few others. It is these countries that have been saved from the horrors of totalitarianism and their inevitable doom. Once morality, so deeply imbedded in our Protestant consciousness, is relegated to the place of a "gentle civilizer" instead of an absolute, it is likely to vanish from view and it may be succeeded by a remarkably crude kind of realism. No other nation really hates coercion as much as the United States, yet none swings more wildly on occasion toward a foolish overconfidence in physical force. A certain sect of pseudo-realists now believes, for instance, that almost any goal of national policy can be achieved by a sufficient threat of aerial bombing, that only sentimentalists prevent this sort of solution of all our problems. Already this dreadful nonsense has done great damage to our interests; its disastrous results are as plain as its immorality. Mr. Kennan's hatred of this tendency is specific; his own purposes could not be more humane. Yet it seems to me possible that his tempered dismissal of morality from international affairs may lead indirectly in this terrible direction.

Those who are interested in evaluating Mr. Kennan's diagnosis in a pragmatic manner are given, in the last two essays, a sample of his current prescriptions. In all fairness, it should be borne in mind that the more important of these articles was written before he had written, and perhaps before he had fully thought through, his general principles. Let us look at them briefly.

On the basis of calm and careful study, Mr. Kennan apparently came earlier than many to the conclusion that Soviet hostility to the Western world is not only implacable, but a necessary part of the

Soviet system, the justification for the tightening dictatorship. The Soviet Union *must* hope for the eventual downfall of world, and especially American capitalism and its accompanying political institutions. But, Mr. Kennan concludes with equal certainty, it is in no hurry. Communism can vary its tactics between militance and accommodation, according to its adversary's strength. Thus the correct attitude for its opponents is one of equal firmness of purpose and equal patience. Soviet pressure must be met by "the adroit and vigilant application of counterforce at a series of constantly shifting geographical and political points, corresponding to the shifts and maneuvers of Soviet policy." Meantime, it is of the utmost importance that the United States maintain its own inner strength, that it present to the world the spectacle of "a country which knows what it wants, which is coping successfully with the problems of its internal life and with the responsibilities of a World Power, and which has a spiritual vitality capable of holding its own among the major ideological currents of the time." Without indulging in too many optimistic predictions, Mr. Kennan believes that if these policies are followed and if Soviet purposes and especially Soviet prophecies are consistently frustrated, there is a good chance that the Moscow regime will disintegrate without war. This is not a mere guess, it is logically argued on the basis of the nature of Soviet power.

Some critics have thought that Mr. Kennan brings to his examination of American and Soviet strength a little less realism than he prescribes. His estimates of the internal weaknesses of the Russian regime are convincing to a layman in the field. But it seems possible that he underrates the remaining strength of the century-old socialist tradition, on some fraction of which, in some areas, the foreign policy of Russia can still draw. And he says little of the force of Asiatic and colonial revolution, some of which again has been directed, perhaps irrevocably, into Moscow channels. Perhaps another essay on the "Sources of Chinese Conduct" is needed.

One wonders a little whether Mr. Kennan has sufficiently taken into account, in his assessment of American possibilities, the difficulty of sustaining indefinitely in this country an intense effort and a high level of sacrifice with remote, and admittedly uncertain, results.[3] He

[3]At one point in his historical survey (p.82) he does seem to indicate concern about this prospect.

has not yet answered satisfactorily the original criticism by Walter Lippmann of the containment policy on the ground that it allows the opponent complete choice of territory. In his discussion of past crises, Mr. Kennan has said that the United States should have restricted its major activities to areas which were vital. Does this, or does it not, imply that such a restriction is in order today, or are all areas vital? Or do political circumstances and moral criteria, both of which Mr. Kennan has dismissed with reference to the past, make such limitations impossible? These questions need more specific answers before we can judge fully the logic of Mr. Kennan's two essays.

Mr. Kennan's containment policy could stand geographical definition and perhaps limitation. It is hard to see, however, that any general alternate policy is left to the United States. Genuine conciliation seems increasingly unlikely: it can certainly not be counted on. World War, as he amply shows, could produce no real victory. My most serious doubt is whether Mr. Kennan's contemporary policy can be followed on the basis of Mr. Kennan's long-range proposals. This is a contest, after all, for the allegiance of tortured and harassed people throughout the world, and there is certainly no reason to believe that these people will align themselves with a policy based solely on America's interest. Nor is there any reason to think that they can be fooled by a policy merely *pretending* to be one of coalition in the interest of all. Similarly, there is little likelihood that the American people will break with all their cherished prejudices and support an active foreign policy throughout the world in the name of a complex theory of balance of power. Fear and obvious necessities for self-defense will perhaps produce popular support for action in some areas, and immediate economic interests will doubtless activate some groups, but it seems dubious whether both these motives together will suffice for the long, determined struggle Mr. Kennan convincingly predicts.

Actually the chief failure of recent foreign policy seems to be in the opposite direction from the errors Mr. Kennan deplores in the past. That policy has not, in its main outlines, been unrealistic or ineffective. It has, however, failed sufficiently to capture the imagination of the people of this country or the world.

To develop a foreign policy which takes account of moral and also of other realities is not an easy matter. What course should be taken, for instance, if the only regime opposing a forcible Communist

invasion in an important area is a corrupt government of dubious viability, having little in common with America's final goals, and arousing the dislike of needed allies in other areas? What should military policy be if the only means of denying a vital area to an aggressor is to use methods of warfare that greatly injure the moral standing of the defender's cause? In such cases moral absolutes may be in conflict, and few moralists would claim that they offer a certain guide for the concrete instance. Yet this does not prove that they do not exist.

When one looks for a compromise between fanatical absolutism and cynicism again one finds some clues in the policy of Abraham Lincoln. Slavery in 1860 was to Lincoln clearly an evil, wherever it existed, not an indifferent matter as Douglas insisted. Yet Lincoln was willing to offer it guarantees of security in areas where it was entrenched. In 1858 he compared the Union's problem to that of a surgeon, recognizing a cancer when he saw it, determined to arrest its spread, yet unable to operate because of the danger to the patient's life. The metaphor is still helpful, provided that the cancer represents not only Soviet Communism but all entrenched denial of human liberty. Methods of cure must be sought, while spread is prevented as far as possible. Above all the surgeon today must be still more careful than Lincoln was, now that the patient is the whole world.

In suggesting some dissent from Mr. Kennan's hard-boiled view I am far from implying that American foreign policy should be formed in constant agreement with the day-to-day opinion of the majority, or that it should be determined exclusively on the basis of mystical criteria. It is some testimonial to the success of the American foreign-policy tradition that it can produce a sophisticated and humane conservative of Mr. Kennan's type. Obviously foreign policy could be, and very often has been, in worse hands.

Yet the qualifications for the American policy-maker we need today are even higher than those suggested by Mr. Kennan. Such a man must, indeed, have an expert understanding of national interest. He must certainly be a realist. But he must develop a clearer and more inclusive definition of reality than that indicated by Mr. Kennan in this book. He must seek an earthy understanding of the needs and hopes of ordinary men throughout the world. And he must develop a feeling for the democratic process, its capabilities and its limitations.

Across the Estuary

By R. L. Cook

Across the estuary now
The dingy flag of sunset trails
And, monstrous on the riven sky,
Rear silhouettes of dockyard cranes.

Now silence settles like a hand
Bestowing benediction on
The river and the throbbing ships:
Yet from the pulsing of the town,—

A rattling in a bus away,—
The rumours of another life
Insinuate coiled blades. They probe
The unreality and slice

The threads that kept the mind's fused weight
From plunging down on to the heart:
They tear the palm of silence to
A fractured mesh of bone. Now hard

It is to resurrect the time
When tides of peace began to flow,
For sharp nostalgia ebbs back
Across the estuary now.

A collection of R. L. Cook's poetry is to be published this year by the Hand and Flower Press in England. Mr. Cook is a Scot.

A STORY

The Holdup at the Z & L

By WILMA SHORE

IT WAS A HOT NIGHT, a terribly hot night. There is one such night early in every summer when the warmth, a welcome friend in spring, suddenly shows its true colors. Harry Feltman stood in the front room of the little flat over the Laundromat and stared at the light patches on the back and arms of the sofa, where the square doilies used to be. Rona, his wife, had crocheted them herself. Why did she want to take them along? he wondered. There wasn't a piece of furniture in her parents' apartment that didn't have its own crocheted doilies.

Under the armchair he could see one leg of Sooky's panda, gray and matted, reaching out as though for help. He bent over and touched the pale squares on the arms of the sofa; then he walked around the table in the middle of the room, where Rona used to sit in the evening mending or crocheting, or putting on nail polish if they were going to her parents' house the next night. When he came back to the sofa he touched both arms, one after the other. Then he sat down at the table. Holding his empty pipe between his teeth, he drew toward him an old envelope and felt in his shirt pocket for a pencil. Whenever he didn't know what to do, he made a list; sometimes he could put his thoughts in order on a piece of paper when he couldn't arrange them in his mind, and the very act of listing things to do made them seem possible.

His pencil hesitated at the top of the envelope; but when no heading presented itself, it moved down and began to write. *Go see Rona,* Harry wrote, in large, careful script. *Explain.*

WILMA SHORE has published fiction in both literary and commercial magazines, and has written for the movies and for television. As for making money from her writing, however, she believes herself already on the way to being surpassed by her ten-year-old daughter, whose collection of poetry called "Why Didn't You Tell Me I Could Write Poetry Sooner?" and selling for $.50 has now almost run through its second mimeographed edition of fifty-five copies.

He lifted the pencil. Explain what? "Don't tell me love, love!" she had said. "Seven years I listened to love, love!" But if he could tell her and her father that he was setting up a new business . . . Losing the Laundromat didn't mean he couldn't succeed in some other line. There were plenty of businesses besides Laundromats. Delmore Mandel had a cousin that was selling his stationery store on Flatbush Avenue. Why not a stationery store? People always needed a bottle of ink, a newspaper. "You don't know how to be a businessman," she had said. "All you know to do is lay down like a rug for everybody to walk on you." But this time he would be different. Strictly cash, this time. A person had to protect his interests, you didn't go into business for your health. Rona's father protected his interests—plywood in back of the dressers where it didn't show, chairs glued together instead of held with screws. And if a payment was a day late, out with the truck, pick up the bedroom suite, bed and all, let them sleep on the floor. "Impugn my father!" she had said. "When the day comes that *you're* a success, that'll be time enough to impugn my father!"

No, he thought, I won't impugn her father; ever again. He took a deep breath and wrote *Go see Delmore Mandel,* and, below that, *Make offer to cousin.* Then, almost of its own volition, his pencil moved down another space and wrote, *Talking doll.* He would put it on Sooky's bed; when she came back she would see it from the doorway, and her mouth would get round. She had wanted a talking doll for six, seven months.

It was a hot night, terribly hot; it felt as though his brains were steaming in his head. He put his pipe in his pocket and went over to the open window. Across the street people were walking around as if nothing had happened; women with shopping bags, buying their coffeecake for tomorrow's breakfast as if nothing had happened to him at all.

He went into the little kitchen and opened the breadbox; there was a stale onion roll and a heel of pumpernickel. Pleased to find something else to add to his list, he sat down again at the table. *Buy bread,* he wrote firmly.

But the bread could wait, the first thing was the new store. That was number one. He wrote *1* in front of *Go see Delmore Mandel.*

Now he was getting somewhere. In front of *Make offer to cousin* he wrote *2. Go see Rona* was *3. Talking doll* was *4.* But right there, suddenly, the whole thing fell apart. He couldn't buy a doll, he had

no money. So if he had no money, how could he make an offer on the stationery store? What could he explain to Rona? He put down the pencil and stood up. All he could do was buy bread.

He went out of the apartment and down the stairs, past the dim Laundromat with the washing machines standing on the damp concrete floor like quiet beasts in their stalls. Dust lay in long drifts on the sidewalk. A trolley car went by, all its windows open. When it had passed he crossed the street.

The bakery was crowded. The white-aproned women bustled behind the counter, dropping bagels into bags, shoving loaves of bread into the slicing machine. The bread jiggled through slowly, inexorably, pushed by something like fate, something irresistible, and came out in even, trembling slices, a loaf that was no longer a loaf. Harry stood and watched its solemn, unprotesting dance. Where could he get the money for a new business? His mind put up suggestion after suggestion, like a demonstrator holding up cards in a store window, and then took them down again. Uncle Morris wouldn't lend him any more, the bank wouldn't listen to him. Rona's father—

"Next?" He stared at the woman behind the counter, but he could not remember what he wanted. He searched in her eyes for an answer, and then he forgot that he had wanted anything; he turned and walked out of the bakery. Across the street the sign said ELITE LAUNDROMAT. Three years' work he had put into the down payment on the machines, four hundred and seventy dollars saved from his job as a presser. Uncle Morris had put in a hundred dollars. Rona's father had given two hundred.

No, thought Harry, not given; *invested*. The minute things looked bad the old man had pulled his two hundred out. And it was the same with Rona, he thought. The old man invested his daughter in the marriage, and when it looked bad, he called her back. And the grandchild came too, like interest.

He found he had stopped before the liquor store. Why? he wondered, and he stared down at the bottles of sacramental wine in the window, trying to take hold of the thought that had stopped him there. Inside a customer pointed to a bottle on the shelf and the clerk put it in a bag and gave it to him. Like a holdup, thought Harry. People were always holding up liquor stores; they were open so late at night, and only one man behind the counter.

What a thing to think about! Shocked, he turned and plunged

across the street without stopping to watch for the cars. In all his life he had never taken a penny that didn't belong to him. Stealing was for lazy men, men without a trade, but he was a good presser, he could get another pressing job any time he liked—in the season. "So go, be a presser!" she had said. "Go! *Go!*"

He paused on the opposite curb and looked back at the liquor store. If he had a little money, even twenty-five, thirty dollars, he could pick up some merchandise and turn it over at a small profit. Then he could put the whole thing into some more stock, and so on, until there was enough for a new business, and Rona would come back with Sooky, and they would all eat dinner together, and in the morning Sooky would wake them, singing softly in her bed across the room, and Rona's head would be on his shoulder, her smooth black hair brushing his chin . . .

He tried to walk on, but his legs were weak. He leaned against a lamp post like a drunk. It's absolutely not possible, he thought. An honest man like me? Two women went by, staring at him. He took a deep breath and straightened, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets. His right hand touched his pipe. When he pushed it forward it looked almost like a gun in his pocket. *This is a holdup,* he said in his mind, but in his mind the liquor store man took a real gun from under the counter and shot him. He pulled his hands out of his pockets. It would have to be a store that wasn't used to being held up. He looked down the street. By now everything was closed except the delicatessen, the Excellent; it stayed open till midnight. But they knew him at the Excellent; even with his face covered they would recognize his voice, his hair where it was getting thin in back. A far away delicatessen would be better; one like the Z & L.

I could never do it, he thought, it's ridiculous; a man that in his whole life didn't take a penny . . . but he left the lamp post and began to walk. When he saw a paper bag lying on the sidewalk he picked it up and examined it carefully as he went for holes where the money might fall out. Never, he thought. I never could.

When he saw the sign, Z & L, he stopped thinking. It was like in the war movies, where the pilot turns over the controls to the bombardier. He walked up to the door and into the delicatessen, covering his nose and mouth with his left hand. With his right hand he gripped the pipe tightly in his pocket; somehow it gave him courage.

There was a line of people standing there, a sound of voices and a smell of pickles. Someone called, "Skinless and boneless!" like a signal. He went to the head of the line and said to the counterman, "This is a holdup!"

Then he waited, like a man who has set a fuse, but the counterman only squinted; "What?" he said. He was staring at Harry's face, not at the pipe thrust forward in his pocket. Somewhere the cash register rang. Harry glanced down at his pocket and saw that it was hidden by the high glass showcase. He moved along to the counter, and the counterman went with him. "All right," said the counterman, "what'll it be?"

Harry's warm breath, held in by his hand, rose into his eyes and made them burn. There were voices all around him, but they were blunt and shapeless, like sounds under water. He tried to swallow, but his throat was too dry. Say it! he told himself. Say it loud! He pulled his hand away from his mouth. But before he could speak someone shouted in his ear. "No! No! Not him!"

It was a short man with glasses, in his shirt-sleeves. "It's my next!" he cried to the counterman, striking himself on the chest with his fingers. "Fifteen minutes I'm standing here! I want a whitefish!"

"Yes! Give this gentleman his whitefish!" called the second in line, a tall man with a long neck like a duck. "It's absolutely his next!"

"Okay!" said the counterman, picking up a whitefish by the tail and slinging it on the scale.

"A fat one," said the man with glasses, glaring sideways at Harry.

"Okay! Okay!" said the counterman. "Only keep calm!" And he and the man with glasses leaned away from Harry, toward the indicator.

Harry stared at them and he could not understand what had happened to the holdup. The counterman held out the whitefish; the man with glasses poked it with contempt. I'm not in business for my health, thought Harry desperately, and he shouldered in front of the man with glasses. "Wait on him later!" he said. "I tell you, *listen* to me! This is a —"

"Push! Push!" broke in the man with glasses. "Is that a way to do? Learn better how to behave with human beings! Fifteen minutes I'm waiting!" And he put his hands on Harry's shoulders and began to shove him away. "Push! Push!" he cried with reproach.

Harry felt himself sliding along the counter, while everyone

stared, everyone shouted. "Get in line!" called the tall man; "What a nerve!" exclaimed the woman behind him. He knew all he had to do was push back; one shove and the man with glasses would be sitting on the floor and everyone would listen to him; but he could not raise his arms. "Push! Push!" cried the man with glasses.

Harry collided with a woman in a sun dress and she shoved him back the other way. "Bum!" she cried. "Bum! Go-getter!"

"All *right!*" shouted the counterman. "*All* right! One at a time! Only keep calm!"

Suddenly everyone was silent; it was so quiet that Harry could hear the loud breathing of the man with glasses. He leaned back against the counter with his hand in a dish of halvah. The man with glasses turned away. "And a quarter pound of boloney," he said, shrugging his shoulders as though to adjust a coat. "And a new dill pickle."

Another counterman came up behind Harry. "What's yours?"

Harry wiped his hand, sticky with halvah, on his handkerchief, and stared at the new counterman. In all my life I never took a penny that didn't belong to me, he wanted to say. In my whole life!

"All *right*," said the new counterman, patting his forehead with the corner of his apron. "You want something, Mister?"

Harry looked down at the halvah. "Give me a bread," he said in a low voice.

The counterman gave him the bread wrapped in brown paper and he paid for it. Outside he found that he still had the empty paper bag he had brought. He dropped it on the sidewalk; then he turned back and kicked it carefully into the gutter.

The apartment was still hot, still empty. He unwrapped the bread, laid it on the kitchen table and cut himself a slice. As he ate it, he went into the front room and crossed *Buy bread* off the list, and immediately he began to feel better; something was taken care of. Still chewing, he sat down and studied the list. Outside in the street a car went by, its tires squeaking on the trolley tracks. He turned over the envelope and started a new list on the other side. *Get pressing job,* he wrote. And, below that, in big dark letters, *BRING RONA HOME.*

He wrote it extra-large, extra-black, so that it would come true.

Aspects of Soviet Antisemitism

By ALFRED A. SKERPAN

It is still possible for Soviet writers to state that in the USSR an antisemite is punished by death, and that in the United States Jews are excluded from government jobs and are concentrated in ghettos. In the face of this, Western newspapermen, writers and scholars have, in the past ten years, revealed the existence of a persistent antisemitism within the Soviet Union. Their reports have been confirmed and supplemented by former Soviet citizens who remained outside or left the USSR at the end of the second World War. The ultimate implications of the true story carry a real threat to the non-Communist world.

Apart from a series of newspaper and magazine articles, however, only two relatively full statements on the question have seen print. One of these is by Peter Viereck, in an appendix to his *Conservatism Revisited*. Another, far fuller, more careful and more scholarly, is the recently published book by Solomon M. Schwarz, *The Jews in the Soviet Union*.* The general evidence available now, including data the present writer has been able to find, shows strongly, if sometimes inconclusively, that not only in the last ten years but since the establishment of the Communist regime, the position of Jews, as Jews, in the Soviet Union has really never been secure.

---

*Solomon M. Schwarz, *The Jews in the Soviet Union*. Foreword by Alvin Johnson. Syracuse University Press. Syracuse, N.Y., 1951. xviii + 380 pp. $5.00.

Soviet antisemitism is a key contemporary issue, and as a reading of this article will suggest, examination and illumination of it are problems of difficulty. Alfred A. Skerpan's persistence in tracking down the facts over a period of more than a decade may be explained perhaps by his professional interests in modern Russian history, his doctoral researches in Russian liberalism (Ph.D., Yale, 1943), and in 1945-46 his work as an analyst, particularly in Soviet nationality problems, for the State Department. Mr. Skerpan is Professor of History at Kent State University.

The basic instability of their position has derived from several factors. First is the circumstance that the Revolution and the establishment of the Soviet State represented a new phase in the social history of Russian Jews, just as it represented a new phase in the general history of Russia. Related to this was not only the continuation but also the great intensification of the popular antisemitism of Tsarist times. Indeed, the passions and prejudices of the prerevolutionary period pale, as Schwarz stresses, in comparison with what the Soviet regime ushered in. Where Tsarist antisemitism had one *cause célèbre*, the famed Beiliss trial, Soviet antisemitism has had three: the Bolshemennikov (the only one reported by Schwarz), Barshai, and Beirakh cases. Another factor affecting Soviet Jews lay in the contradictory policies respecting them followed by the Communist Party and the government. Finally, the period of Soviet power has coincided with the persistence, expansion and then final success of a world-wide movement to establish a Jewish state in Palestine. It can be argued that the lot of the Jew in the USSR, in the middle of the twentieth century, is a particular denouement of the antagonism that existed between the Zionist and the Bolshevik-Communist traditions from their very beginnings.

The troublesome word "antisemitism" can be used, as it will be here, to embrace two forms. One of these is hatred of Jews and discrimination against them; the other is attitude or policy directed against Jewish consciousness as such. It is not easy to distinguish between these two at all times.* In the Soviet lexicon, however, they are carefully differentiated. The first is defined and condemned as a form of "bourgeois national chauvinism"; the second is looked upon as "anti-Zionism" or as "anti-Jewish-chauvinism"—this is approved by the regime. Nevertheless, the evidence indicates that the people and the government of the USSR have both taken advantage of the possible and easy confusion.

The whole question of Soviet antisemitism has implications transcending the destinies of a particular people. In many respects a consideration of it casts a sharp light on the nature of the regime as it manifests itself in its internal activities, especially in those touching

---

*The definitions of *Webster's New International Dictionary* are useful: (1) Antisemitism—"opposition to, hatred of, or agitation against Jews"; (2) Jew—"any person of the Hebrew race or people or anyone whose religion is Judaism."

on minorities, and in its foreign policies, more specifically in regard to the Near East. Also by this consideration, it may be added, what appears frequently as cross-purpose or opportunism, in the policies of either the Soviet state or the Communist Parties of the world, comes more clearly to have a consistency and logic of its own.

II

In the period before World War I, as is known, the Jews of Russia were concentrated largely in the portions of the Empire west of the Dnieper River, in the general area known as the Pale. The geographical concentration was due in part to history but in considerable part also to the policy of the government, which imposed restrictions on the movements of the Jews throughout the Empire just as it imposed quotas on their admission to the higher institutions of learning. Restrictions on movement were not imposed on Jews with great capital resources or with university training; on the other hand, through the inefficiency and venality of bureaucrats, they could also be evaded. For these reasons Jews could be found in the crafts, businesses and the professions of the larger towns outside the Pale, including Moscow.[1]

The effects of the obstacles to free movement and education came to be felt strongly within the Pale. They were aggravated by the fact that here, as another fruit of government policy, the Jewish population was contained largely in towns and cities.[2] In these centers competition became intense with the growth of population and economic opportunity, particularly at the turn of the century. The emigration from the Empire, between 1881 and 1925, of over three millions meant considerable, but only partial relief.[3] As a result, the various pressures, as well as the government policy of persecution of minorities, but particularly of Jews, inevitably influenced the social structure among the Jews and also their training and temperament.

First of all, they came to be in the great bulk middle-class in occupation. At the beginning of the twentieth century, within the boundaries of 1926, forty-two per cent of all employed Jews were engaged in trade; twenty per cent of all were engaged in the grain trade. Of the total again, thirty-six per cent were employed in various crafts—two-thirds of these being independent and half working in the needle and leather trades—and fourteen per cent were members of the free professions: physicians, writers and lawyers. By one estimate, a little

over two per cent were peasants, two per cent were factory workers, and one per cent were in the armed forces. The remainder included, among others, Jewish landlords who held about five million acres of land.[4] Another breakdown of the data indicates that in 1897 over five per cent of all gainfully employed Jews were in the government service, including the military.[5] There was also a Jewish branch of the Russian imperial nobility.

The urban position of the Jews and their continual press for higher education, despite governmental restrictions, and later the freedom of educational opportunity in the post-revolutionary period, made them one of the most literate groups in the Soviet Union by 1926. In that year, as examples, 44.9 per cent of the total population of the Ukraine were considered literate, but seventy per cent of the Jews were so classified; for Byelorussia the comparable figures were 33.5 and 68.8 per cent; for Moscow, 75.0 and 86.3; and for Leningrad, 76.6 and 88.1 per cent. Fewer Jews in the rural areas were literate, but in comparison with the non-Jewish population their numbers were relatively much higher.[6]

The appearance of immediate advantage proffered by such data is quite deceptive. Schwartz points out that in 1897 up to thirty-five per cent of Russian Jews were dependent on relief, and that in general the whole group was characterized, as a Soviet Jewish official put it, by a "bourgeois mentality but a proletarian pocketbook."[7] Yet such factors plus existence in the Pale, according to Larin, the chief Soviet investigator of antisemitism, helped make of the Jews, particularly the poorer ones in the smaller towns, a distinctive type. Difficult and even harsh living conditions, competition, persecution, death, and finally emigration, all represented, he wrote, a process of natural selection that left only those who were "most energetic, shrewd, intelligent, hardy and able to withstand privation." These qualities, as Larin states and Schwarz suggests, taken with the level of education, not only made them very strong competitors in the fields they could enter freely before the Revolution (such as trade, crafts, scholarship, journalism), but in the face of despotic and oppressive governmental policies also made many of them revolutionary in temper.[8] These experiences, further, produced a keener, more articulate and more universal national self-consciousness among the Jews than among any other people in the Empire, with the possible exception of the Poles.

III

The Bolshevik Revolution and the coming of Soviet rule represented for a time a major disaster for the great mass of the Jews. Bolshevism, with its slogans of "land to the peasant" and "factories to the workers," could in itself have but a very limited appeal. The civil war that followed brought pogroms and death to a hundred thousand of them while the practices and economic disorganization of War Communism meant idleness and starvation to three-fourths of the others.[9] Zionism, in fact, achieved wider popularity than it ever had before. Final peace and the introduction of the New Economic Policy, with its freer conditions for economic activity, eventually brought new stability. Before this came, however, the people experienced drastic geographical relocation and thorough social-economic reorganization. The process also resulted in a prominence for Jews at the moment of the consolidation of Soviet power.

The shift of population was eastward, out of the Pale areas, and to larger cities. It had begun, as a matter of fact, with the wartime evacuation of peoples and factories from the West and was promoted by the abolition of the old Tsarist restrictions by the first Provisional Government. The change was completed in the main by 1921, although, as Schwarz indicates, a drift eastward was still discernible in 1939. The city of Moscow, which became a hotbed of antisemitism in the '20's, showed a rapid growth in Jewish population. In 1897 Jews numbered 5,000, but in 1923 they were 86,000, or 5.6 per cent of the total population, while in 1939 they numbered 400,000 or about 10 per cent of the whole. In this year the bulk of the Soviet Jewish population was still concentrated in the Ukraine and in Byelorussia, although two-fifths had moved from the Pale areas.[10]

By chance this geographic shift aided in the securing of Soviet power. Schwarz has no difficulty in showing that Jews, almost as a rule, were hostile to Bolshevik rule and those who did join were the most assimilated elements. However, Jews were as prominent among the leading Bolsheviks as they were in other political organizations. More to the point, Lenin and Maxim Gorky, the writer, both believed that the success of the October Revolution was due to Jews. Indeed, in a most ingenuous effort to combat the virulent antisemitism of the civil war years, Gorky even composed a broadside that proclaimed this and had it circulated in great numbers.[11] The reasons for this belief have been given as follows. On the advent of Bolshevik power,

the older, more conservative Russian bureaucrats and "intelligentsia" had refused to support the new regime. This "extremely dangerous" situation, as Lenin called it, was saved when numbers of the so-called "Jewish middle intelligentsia," who had been evacuated into the Russian cities from the Pale, moved, with other elements, into government positions. Thus, Lenin noted later, they "sabotaged the sabotage and by this rescued the revolution at a difficult moment."[12]

That Schwarz does not touch on this opinion of Lenin's is not surprising. Much the same development, or similar ones, would undoubtedly have taken place if one of the other leftist parties had secured power. What is more important here is the fact that the new-won prominence in government did not at all signify Jewish control of the government apparatus of the Communist Party. Within ten years Stalin was able to consolidate his position with the aid of both Jewish and non-Jewish Party members, with the latter apparently in the majority. What did take place in these years of unemployment, new freedom and economic readjustment for many elements, which —again—would have taken place under any revolutionary government, was an intense social competition in which Jews were new, more able and numerous candidates not only for the governmental positions, but also for business, for land, for factory employment, for admission to the universities, and of course for scarce housing.[13]

Social-economic reorganization in the 1920's, then, produced marked changes in the occupational structure of the Jewish population. In comparison with the prerevolutionary structure, the number of workers (both in industry and crafts) and peasants rose from about seventeen per cent of all those gainfully employed to, in 1929-30, thirty per cent. The percentage of independent craftsmen rose a little, while that of white collar workers almost tripled (ten per cent to almost twenty-eight per cent).[14] The relationship between the numbers of workers and white-collar employees that was established in these years persisted from this time on, with only minor modifications.

It had been expected at the beginning of the '30's that by 1933, after a rapid increase in numbers, Jewish workers would form about one-third of those gainfully employed. It appeared in 1934 that this had not happened. Though Jews continued to flow into industry, in the Moscow and Leningrad areas, the Soviet statistician Zinger noted, they were attracted in greater degree to governmental institutions.[15] As early as 1926 fifty per cent of all gainfully employed Jews in

Moscow, and forty per cent in Leningrad, were in the white-collar group.[16] For twenty years, according to Schwarz, the percentage of government officials who were Jewish increased notably; another source suggests that in 1929, 78.2 per cent of the Jews in Moscow were in government service.[17] On the other hand, while this nationality represented only two per cent of the total population in 1928, and while they represented eight per cent of the total white-collar force, the latter figure was still less than the proportion of Jews in the urban population.[18]

Somewhat more suggestive is the comparison of these social changes with those taking place among the two minorities with the worst record for antisemitism. The latter are the Ukrainians and the Byelorussians who had been in part associated with the Jews in the old Pale areas. By the nature of the social and historical development in the Russian Empire, these peoples were almost entirely of peasant and worker background and were just beginning to achieve broader education and national consciousness on the eve of World War I. Where in 1931, of the large national groups, the Jews had the smallest percentage of workers and the highest percentage of white-collar workers, the Ukrainians and the Byelorussians had the highest percentage of workers and the smallest of white-collar workers. In the preceding five years, and covering the beginning of the first Five-Year Plan, the disparities had increased drastically for the latter two, while being modified for the Jews.[19] At the end of the '20's Jews also made up forty per cent of all craftsmen and twenty per cent of all tradesmen. In 1928 they made up ninety per cent of the tradesmen in Byelorussia and sixty-six per cent of those in the Ukraine. But on the basis of information concerning the directing heads of the Soviet economy, "the popular notion of the 'Jewish control' of economic life," in Schwarz's words, is found to be "without foundation."[20]

In respect to other spheres of activity, the data for party and government administration do not confirm the other opinion, widely held in the Soviet Union in the '20's, that Soviet rule was Jewish rule. In 1928 there were no Jews in the Politburo, and only 4.3 per cent of party members were Jewish, whereas in 1919, according to Larin, the number was much higher.[21] Larin investigated the numbers and backgrounds of all the important heads of the chief party and government organs and found that of 417 only twenty-seven (six per cent) were Jews. In the Central Executive Committee, including members and

candidates, Jews numbered forty-six (5.5 per cent) of 833. The picture was similar in local Moscow bodies.[22] Another investigator found that in Byelorussia and the Ukraine in 1927 Jews held roughly the same percentage of places on Soviet organs as they held in the population. The figure was higher for the Central Executive Committee of Byelorussia, where Jews held 20.2 per cent of the places in 1925 while representing 8.2 per cent of the total population, [23] but 40.2 per cent of the urban. The work of Schwarz confirms these conclusions.

IV

Antisemitic agitation among the peoples of the new Soviet Union came, it appears, in four waves: the first in the Civil War years, the second in the years from 1924 to about 1932, and then one on the outbreak of World War II and one in the postwar years. The precise extent of the agitation in the second phase, perhaps the most significant for the story of popular antisemitism, is difficult to determine. Alarm as well as pro-Zionist sentiment may have been responsible for assertions that it "was engulfing the whole Russian people in a tidal wave," and that in the years 1926-31 it "raged with a vehemence unequalled even in Tsarist times."[24] And it may be, as one observer noted, that antisemitism was read into developments by "professional Jews" where it did not in fact exist.[25]

In these years, however, there appeared a small Soviet literature on the matter, and this taken with Schwarz's analyses no longer leaves room for doubt that the former's views are nearer the truth. At the very least it was in this period much broader in scope than it had been at the turn of the century. Whereas anti-Jewish hostility was in the past confined to the lumpen-proletariat, lower middle class groups and government circles, in 1927 it embraced, according to one newspaper, "peasants, workers and intellectuals, that is, the majority of the population."[26] In November 1926 Kalinin gave his opinion that Russian intellectuals were perhaps more antisemitic than under Tsarism,[27] and a few months later Bukharin spoke of antisemitic tendencies within the Communist Party itself.[28] This last, as a matter of fact, was not new, since there are indications of it running back to 1907.[29]

Investigators found antisemitism among government workers, Communist youth, school children and university students, among school teachers and directors, among peasants, workers, and soldiers,

and in co-operatives as well as in those groups still concerned with free trade.[30] And where before the revolution antisemitism was confined chiefly to the areas of the Pale, i.e. western Ukraine, Byelorussia and the Polish provinces, it appeared now also in the Crimean Peninsula and in the cities of Pskov, Kharkov, Smolensk, and particularly in Moscow and Leningrad.[31] From 1917 on pogroms were reported in Daghestan (in the Caucasus), and in 1928 they were reported in Uzbekistan (in Central Asia).[32]

Apart from riotings, attacks on synagogues, and the tormenting and persecution of Jewish workers and students, extending even to murder, much of this antisemitism found expression in slogans and slanders that were expressed vocally, or were written and printed, or were inscribed on walls. Through the period children were found who declared that Jews drank Christian blood, and the old pogrom cry was heard, "Beat the Jews, save Russia!"[33] But new arguments and phrases appeared: the Jews in the Soviet Union were becoming a "privileged nation," Jews were everywhere and held all the good positions.[34]

Larin, in the course of his investigations, principally among Moscow workers, collected a series of sixty-six questions and statements which disclosed every aspect of the antisemitism of the time. These ran the gamut from outright baiting and ignorant prejudice to intelligent inquiry. There were such questions as: why were Jews rich; why didn't they perform heavy labor; why did they get the best living quarters; why didn't they stand in queues? On the other hand, there were remarks and queries that touched on party and state matters, or were intellectually loaded: why did the Party struggle only indifferently with antisemitism; how sincere were Jews toward Soviet authority and toward the proletariat generally; why was seventy-six per cent of the Party Opposition Jewish (a point of interest in respect to the Stalin-Trotsky controversy); what did Pavlov mean by his statement that a "reflexology of impudence" had been created in Jews; and wouldn't it have been better to seek out the reasons for antisemitism in the moral and psychological training of the Jewish people itself?[35] The book that Larin wrote in the '20's was designed as a general reply, exposing the hollowness of many of the questions, and as an explanation of the entire Jewish position in the Soviet Union; it also analyzed the factors that brought about the spread of antisemitism in each of the social groups. It is a particular merit of the present work of

Schwarz's that it makes available in English and expands on many of Larin's conclusions.

Any attempt to search out the precise causes of this antisemitism would be inconclusive. Still, some generalized explanations can be suggested. First, as already indicated, there would be the resettlement of the Jews in new areas and their prominence in the new governmental apparatus. They had been generally isolated from the Russian workers, according to one Soviet official, and now this prominence replaced that of the hated Baltic Germans who, in the older apparatus, had occupied half the positions in the ministries.[36] Then there were the prejudices, cultural backwardness and xenophobia dating from prerevolutionary times. The country was barely removed in time from the old order, when persecution of and discrimination against Jews was at least tolerated by the government. And further, World War I, and particularly the revolutions and the Civil War that followed saw widespread attacks on the people in which even Bolshevik bands participated [37] and which, as we have noted, cost a multitude of Jewish lives.[38] Aggravating the situation, Russian generals in the Tsarist army, according to Larin, laid the responsibility for their defeats to the spying of Jews. This made a strong impression on a great number of soldiers who had come into contact with them and their German-related language for the first time.[39] A great deal of prewar feeling was therefore not only retained but intensified and of course was inevitably passed on to children growing up under the Soviet regime.[40] Apart from these, however, the main and underlying cause seems to have been rooted in the frustrations and insecurities of the New Economic Policy, and in the tremendous social and economic stresses and dislocations that took place under the first Five-Year Plan. Another investigator cites a remark uttered with passion in the presence of Jews: "This is your Tsardom! We are suffering now because of you Jews!"[41]

In these years the exigencies of the economy involved a considerable lowering of the standard of living, a forcible collectivization of land with an attendant loss of human life and of livestock, compulsory shifts of population, and a ruthless use of state power. At the same time unemployment with its competition for jobs persisted to 1931. Together with this, the reordering, under the revolution, of economic and social position for great numbers of peoples throughout the country—Larin and Schwarz have pointed out that one-third of the workers in the late '20's came from nonworker backgrounds—inevitably

produced a widespread feeling of frustration. Alcoholism was relatively a minor result.[42] Under these conditions, then, antisemitism in the Soviet Union was, as it has been characterized for other areas, "a symptom of social sickness, a manifestation of social disorganization."[43]

That antisemitism in these years had counter-revolutionary overtones, as Communist leaders, Larin and others believed, cannot be doubted.[44] The tremendous sufferings of the whole population could not but produce antagonism to a regime that was continually growing ever more powerful and unassailable. And in the ambiguous official policy toward Jews—to be discussed—an outlet was found for repressed emotions: the easily recognizable phenomenon of diversion of hostility from the true object of hatred, which is too powerful, to one that offers less likelihood of reprisal.

It is altogether probable that anti-Soviet groups within the country, abetted in part by emigré elements abroad, profited from the unrest and organized and promoted antisemitic agitation.[45] On the other hand such activities were only in a small part responsible for the spread of the antagonism toward Jews. This was pointed out in regard to the "Barshai case" in Byelorussia, in the late '20's. In a trial which involved prosecution of overt antisemitism, and which was of long duration and well-publicized, the prosecution failed to establish the existence of links between the accused and any counter-revolutionary organization.[46]

Larin himself decided that the antisemitism of the '20's was a product of a period of adjustment and crisis. His final judgment was that it was "answer not to the excessiveness of the participation of Jews in hired labor and service but to the beginning of a correction of that injustice which existed under tsardom. . . ."[47] At the same time, he felt that a broad campaign had to be launched in order to overcome the dangers of antisemitism. First, further economic and cultural growth in the Soviet Union had to be promoted, as this would increase the demand for intellectuals and improve the welfare and the standard of living of workers. Second, antisemitism had to be repressed, wherever it appeared, by utilizing more actively the disciplinary powers of the Communist Party and of the courts, and by imposing harsher punishments. And third, a campaign of education had to be undertaken among the more backward elements of the population,

with emphasis being given to the counter-revolutionary aspects of the agitation.[48]

Larin also felt that Jews themselves could contribute to ameliorating the situation. Jewish officials should, he wrote, avoid the practice, infrequent as it was, of granting special privileges to nonproletarian Jews. He gave as a particularly reprehensible example the granting of permission, in 1929, to import matzoths from Germany and to distribute them free in the Moscow synagogues at Passover; this at a time when rationing had been introduced and when Russian Orthodoxy was under attack. Larin also considered it desirable that, in cooperation with the state, the remnants of the Jewish bourgeoisie be settled in industry and on the soil.[49]

V

Discussion of the rise and persistence of a new antisemitism leads to the official party and government attitudes toward the Jews. Schwarz, governed by the dicta of scientific research, comes to no general conclusion. He does state that the antisemitism of the Soviet era "was neither instigated nor countenanced by the government," and he quotes an ex-Soviet Jewish officer to the same effect. Yet he also cites concessions to antisemitism and mild punishments of its manifestations, and speaks of it in the public life of the late '30's and reports it as an official policy today.[50]

Since Schwarz does not offer any definition of antisemitism, his inconclusiveness is understandable. Another reason for this is the early Bolshevik tendency, which is cited, to miscalculate, or underestimate, nationalist feeling and specific minority problems and to solve such questions by fumbling through with the guidance of party doctrine. Because of the consequences of this and because of other data and interpretations, one can argue, with the aid of the definitions given at the beginning, that by basic doctrine and by practice the Soviet regime from the start has had and has promoted antisemitic tendencies.

One can find pro-Jewish statements by Gorky and Lenin, as well as by Kalinin and Molotov. And there are readily available denunciations of antisemitism by the chief Soviet leaders. The agitation of the first years of Soviet power was vehemently attacked by Lenin. He looked upon it as a feature of the "chauvinism" of other nationalities and of capitalists, as an old Tsarist device for the diversion of hostility

from the autocrat, and as—what must have been a good deal worse for him—"a sharp tool of counter-revolution."[51] In a speech of his, which was recorded for wider dissemination, he declared that it was not the Jews who were the enemies of the worker, but the capitalists of all countries. His ideas were reflected in a decree of the Council of People's Commissars, of July 27, 1918, which denounced the excesses that had been perpetrated against Jewish workers and declared that agitation against Jews was dangerous for the revolution. With more purpose, apparently, than Schwarz seems to think, Lenin himself added sentences that called for cutting the evil off "at its roots" and for placing pogrom agitation outside the law.[52] Stalin declared in 1931 that antisemitism was a protective device of capitalism and that it was punishable by death in the Soviet Union. The statement was not published, however, until 1936.[53]

While being opposed to antisemitism, the theoretical position of radical-Marxist Bolshevism was also opposed to religion, and thus, like Karl Marx, it was also opposed to Judaism. It was, therefore, basically hostile to the common consciousness and tradition of a people in dispersion. In addition, Bolshevism was hostile to the European-style or "bourgeois" nationalisms of the beginning of the twentieth century. Inevitably, it was also hostile to the various degrees of national consciousness, although not to the revolutionary temper among the Jews.

Lenin's prime consideration down to the seizure of power in 1917 was to maintain a militant revolutionary elite that would be aimed solely at the seizure of power and the establishment of a "dictatorship of the proletariat." This had to govern any other consideration, and particularly the matter of nationality. Lenin made clear, in 1903 and later, that there had to be *one* centralized fighting organization, and this therefore had to depend on all workers without distinction as to nationality and language.[54] It followed, then, that any movement that placed stress on nationalism and religion, rather than on the identity of interest among the world's proletariat, would be considered a diversionary move calculated to serve a special class interest and to thwart revolutionary aspirations; as such it was to be opposed strenuously. This view determined the position of Lenin and of Stalin, as of Communists generally, through the whole history of the Bolshevik party. It also bequeathed to the party a two-fold policy respecting national-

ity that could become, unconsciously or by design, contradictory and confused.

In the first decade of the twentieth century, when extreme Jewish consciousness, early Zionism, was speaking of eastern European peoples as "greatly inferior" to "a superior race," the Jews,[55] Lenin was citing the idea of a Jewish nation as "only a Zionist idea, utterly false and reactionary in its essence."[56] On this basis, Lenin denounced repeatedly both the Zionists, who down into the '20's centered their activities in Russia, and the Bundists, those socialist-minded workers who sought to maintain a separate Jewish "national" organization for themselves. The Bundist attitude was inevitably anti-Bolshevist, but in addition, as it appears, the group had exceptional resources in wealth and in press support.[57]

Lenin looked upon the idea of a Jewish national consciousness as "false and reactionary" particularly because, as he said, the Jews "have ceased to exist as a nation, which is unthinkable without a determinable territory."[58] The idea of a Jewish national culture, he wrote in 1913, was "the slogan of rabbis and the bourgeoisie, the slogan of our enemies."[59] To Stalin, in 1913, the Jews were only a "paper nation." In his much-publicized article, "Marxism and the National Question," published early in that year, he followed the lines laid down by Lenin in denouncing the Bundists and their "separatism."[60] Since he devoted a disproportionate amount of space to the Bundists, it appears that he was perturbed over their effectiveness and strength. For Lenin, as for other Bolsheviks, the solution of the Jewish question lay in a successful proletarian revolution and eventual assimilation.[61]

Because of Lenin's and Stalin's hostility not only to Zionism but to any insistence on Jewish distinctiveness, and because of the general onslaught of Bolshevism on Judaism, as on all religions, a Jewish writer could note at the time of the revolution that "Bolshevism is antisemitism, it is anti-Judaism."[62] Later, in the time of Hitler, another writer was to observe that the policies of the Soviet regime toward Jews "would ultimately be much more effective in undermining the fabric of Jewish life than all the brutal persecutions of the Nazis."[63]

It can be shown that ultimately there is a great similarity—and obviously a great difference—between the theoretical position of German National Socialism concerning the Jews and the stated views of Soviet Communism concerning Zionism and Judaism. Hitler himself is reported to have said that a Social Democrat would never make a

National Socialist but that a Communist always would. And with only a substitution of party names, it is possible to apply to the Communist the dictum of Goebbels that "the National-socialist is an antisemite because he is a socialist." [64] Peter Viereck paraphrased this recently when he wrote that "antisemitism was the socialism of the lowbrows." That there was an essential hostility in Bolshevism toward Jews, as Jews, seems to have been an early idea among these peoeple. Schwarz points out that there were almost no Bolshevik Jews available to help in a Commissariat on Jewish national affairs, and that it was reported in the days of revolution that "no money on earth" could produce a Jewish writer who would translate Bolshevik literature. Zionism in Russia, which had 300,000 members in 1918, had one of its great periods of growth from the first years of the Soviet power down to 1926.[65]

Apart from these bases for anti-Jewish activity in theory, for the dedicated antisemite there existed opportunities in Lenin's own statements. The enemy of the workers, Lenin had stressed, was not the Jewish *worker*, but rich Jews, like the rich Russians and the rich of all countries; "the Jewish worker is our brother," he said, but the Jewish bourgeois is an enemy, not as a Jew but as a bourgeois.[66] In view of the fact that before the revolution only about one-third of the Jews in Russia were classified as workers, peasants or craftsmen,[67] the distinctions made by Lenin actually left almost two-thirds of the Jews open to attack on "class" grounds. This loophole, like the loophole of "anti-Zionism," was to be utilized in the future as an instrument of Communist Party activity, within the Soviet Union and abroad.

This same dichotomy could be observed in respect to certain governmental acts. Thus, the Declaration of the Rights of the Peoples of Russia, of November 15, 1917, pledged the broadest possible freedoms, including equality, sovereignty, self-determination and free development, and the end of special privileges or restrictions for any national group.[68] Antisemitism was branded as a crime in the Penal Code of 1926.[69] However, while thus providing for the free development of Jews along social and economic lines, the government attacked those institutions which, for a people without a common territorial base, represented the chief means for the preservation and expression of a particular national consciousness. As was to be expected, Zionism was outlawed, in 1920. Further activity was prosecuted as treasonable, and in 1924 in the Ukraine mass arrests took place with Zionists being

exiled to the Arctic areas and Kazakhstan.[70] By 1928 it could be said that Zionism had been driven underground.[71]

In close association with the repression of Zionism were such acts as the official closing in 1922 of the *kheder,* the special Jewish schools which, according to the Large Soviet Encyclopedia, had maintained a religious and nationalistic character,[72] and in 1919 the closing of Hebrew schools and the prohibition of the teaching of Hebrew. The latter was justified on the ground that "the Jewish people have been destined through history for assimilation and the Hebrew language is an obstacle to this course."[73] The attack on Judaism, in conjunction with the general attack on religion, obviously involved an assault on Jewish national consciousness. Ultimately, however, with the force of religious persecution being directed against Orthodoxy, formerly an important mainstay of Tsarist autocracy, Judaism it appears suffered less than the main Christian church.[74]

Down to the beginning of the first Five-Year Plan in 1927-28, official policy regarding the Jews followed the course that had been set by the early '20's. From the end of the period of the New Economic Policy new developments emphasized the contradictions that were involved. First, in the Stalin-Trotsky controversy of 1926-27 the supporters of Trotsky seem to have been in the main Jews; secondly, Zionism outside the Soviet Union moved further in the direction of establishing a homeland in a Palestine held under British mandate; and thirdly, popular antisemitism grew in intensity and persisted into the early '30's.

It has been pointed out by Max Nomad[75] that *Pravda* during the controversy called upon party members to cease taunting the Trotskyists over the fact "that most of its leaders were Jewish." Later the Small Soviet Encyclopedia added the original names to the assumed names of prominent Jews who had fallen from grace. And in this period there was very little or no training within the party for coping with antisemitism.[76] Attacks on "Mensheviks" were apparently viewed as a species of antisemitism by Jewish elements in the Soviet Union at the time.[77] In the face of this, and in the face of the active Zionist movement, the government did continue to act against popular antisemitism with its antigovernmental overtones. It even came to promote a Soviet Zionism of its own when in 1928 it set up a "homeland" for Jews in the Amur Basin; this was later better known as Birobidjan.

Still, popular antisemitism not only grew but it was abetted by

the appearance, with official sanction, of publications directed against Judaism and Zionism. This took place in 1929, the year of violent anti-Jewish riots in Palestine and of a resurgence of Zionist feeling, which Soviet authorities were now branding as an instrument of British imperialism. The publications, which Schwarz has not made use of and which were found by the present writer only by chance, utilized several lines of attack made familiar by Nazi and pro-Nazi propaganda in the 1930's. Typically, and hypocritically, however, the authors at the same time emphasized the sufferings of the Jews in the past and stressed the evils of antisemitism. The most important of the writings was a small book by an M. Shakhnovich entitled *Komu Sluzhit 'Religiya Izrailya'?* (Whom Does the 'Religion of Israel' Serve?); this appeared in two editions at Leningrad, in 1929 and 1930, with a total printing of 25,000 copies. In a series of section-headings the "God of Israel" was labelled as an "imperialist," a "fascist," or a "merchant," depending on the activities of foreign Jews that are described. In the Soviet Union, the book stated, traders were seeking to convert God into a "Communist," with the expectation that under Soviet power less taxes would be paid.[78]

The central theme of the book was that "the all-powerful hard cash runs through the entire religion of Israed like a crimson thread." In embellishment it stated that all the teachings and activities of Judaism were concerned with the pursuit of financial gain. Respect for private property was taught because wealth was "God's gift" and if one prayed one would become rich;[79] the Talmud stated that there was no occupation worse than agriculture: by trading one could have "meat and wine," but from the soil one obtained only bread and salt and the hard ground to sleep on. It was for this reason that rabbis were resisting collectivization and the resettlement of Jews on the land while giving their support to the "petty-bourgeois" peasants who were active in trade.[80] Another writer argued similarly that rabbis were governed by "the Talmud's contempt" for simple working people and that they supported the counter-revolutionary activities of the kulaks.[81]

Because of the characteristics of Judaic teachings, Shakhnovich also wrote, the synagogues in the Soviet Union were actually the trade unions of the Nepmen, i.e. the great profiteers of the period of the New Economic Policy. The synagogues were in fact clubs, he said, where these traders could discuss methods of concealing their operations from financial inspectors; the synagogue even helped the Nep-

men in their affairs.[82] At the same time Judaism was being maintained in Russia "chiefly because the synagogue, in the eyes of many Jews, embodies a national organization. The rabbis stubbornly impress upon the Jews that Judaism is the sole link joining the Jewish people with its past, its culture, etc."[83]

Since the wealthy were threatened by the poor, Shakhnovich wrote further, the synagogue was also a propaganda agency of capitalism. The poor were told to place their hopes in religion, in the expectation of rewards in heaven through the mediation of a messiah;[84] private philanthropy existed only to stifle the hatred of the poor for the rich.[85] To keep the poor workers of all nationalities under its power, the Jewish bourgeoisie itself promoted the hostility of peoples of other races, other faiths, toward working Jews and vice versa. The rabbis in the Soviet Union did their part by labelling any association with goyim as sinful, by promoting exclusiveness, and by emphasizing that the Jews were a god-bearing people, chosen from all the people of antiquity. This was matched, the author pointed out, by anti-Jewish agitation on the part of Orthodox priests.[86]

When he touched on the matter of Zionism, the author stated that Palestine had been promoted as a Jewish homeland as a service to British imperialism, and the only consequences were the disorders in that country in 1929.[87] At this very time, according to the historian Sachar, the riots were also being cited by the Soviet authorities as the struggle of the Arabs to free themselves of imperialism.[88] What is more remarkable, this viewpoint was graphically depicted by a Gropper cartoon in the Yiddish, Communist-line Morning *Freiheit,* of New York on September 4, 1929.[89] Here, as has been pointed out, there was portrayed what was later better known as the Nazi stereotype of a Jew: a capitalist with skull cap, long beard and hooked nose. In the cartoon he rested on a moneybag emblazoned with the star of David and the dollar sign and held a rabbi on his knees.

The Shakhnovich book, again, could only have added fuel to the flames of Soviet antisemitism. It virtually equated the heartily-disliked Nepmen with Jews and Judaism, while others were denying this identity and showing through figures that Jewish Nepmen were in a minority.[90] And at a time when the popular feeling was that anti-religious activity was being directed against Orthodoxy,[91] the book pointed up the extensive religious activity of the synagogues, which

were allowed to function although they were being labelled as anti-Soviet and counter-revolutionary.

Other, similar material appeared at this time. Under the circumstances one can only asume that the object was to counter the appeal of Zionism and promote Communist propaganda at a moment when conditions were difficult in the USSR. As all publishing was under government control, the appearance of the material was a service to the security of the revolution and of the state, above the interests and safety of any particular people. Also, it should be noted, deliberate or not such publicity, like the antisemitism of Tsarist times, helped divert against Jews a hostility that might otherwise be directed—in the difficult years of the first Five-Year Plan—against the state itself. This would not contradict the argument that popular antisemitism was in many respects an aspect of anti-Sovietism.

VI

Beginning with the early '30's, when Hitler was rising to power, a decline took place in manifestations of antisemitism. Public debate on the problem disappeared almost entirely, although incidents continued to take place down to the Soviet Union's entry into war in 1941.[92] A flare-up appears to have occurred in the years from 1935 to 1937, particularly among artisans and in school staffs.[93] Anti-Jewish demonstrations at Minsk, Kiev and Odessa, in 1937, called upon Jews to renounce their religion.[94] Despite these, the fever had abated considerably from the peak years preceding 1931 and had lapsed into largely an endemic state.

This abatement was probably due only in very small part to the specific measures that had been suggested by Larin in the '20's. Along educational lines, recordings of Lenin's speech against antisemitism were used, and motion-picture films were made, and planned, emphasizing the "chauvinism" involved in anti-Jewish activity and presenting the history of the Jewish peoples and their sufferings.[95] While there is no indication that there was any intensification of party or judicial activity, governmental agencies continued to prosecute antisemitism, in line with the Soviet laws making it a penal offense; and while there was a de-emphasis of propaganda against antisemitism, there was an emphasis on antichauvinist activity.[96] Also, Article 123 of the 1936 Constitution provided that *inter alia* "any advocacy of racial or national exclusiveness or hatred and contempt, is punishable

by law." However, given the party views regarding Zionism and Judaism, the general wording of this article can be said to have provided loopholes for further antisemitic activity. Yet any intensification in the government's prosecution of such activity was looked upon by some Jews as a maneuver calculated to distract the masses of the population from other problems.[97]

The causes, therefore, of the decline in overt antisemitism from the early '30's are to be sought elsewhere. In part these can be found in the social and economic improvements that Larin had seen as necessary and which took place from the end of the first Five-Year Plan. With the disappearance of unemployment in 1931, and with the growth in the demand for labor and clerical help,[98] competition for means of livelihood was now less intense. More than this, it was possible to satisfy to a greater extent the increasing demand among the non-Jewish population for admission to white-collar positions and professional work and for higher education. From 1926 to 1939 there took place, for example, a four-fold increase in the numbers of Soviet citizens engaged in public administration and in social services.[99]

Positive improvements, together with more favorable living conditions, could help better than anything else to overcome social discontents. Still, the persistence of antisemitism and its recrudescence, particularly on the official level, at the end of the '30's, suggest that the diminution of overt antisemitic feeling might also be explained in part by negative factors. The absence of a large literature on the problem can be explained by the anti-chauvinism movement and also by a likely policy against publication of such materials in the years when a racist and anti-Soviet Nazism was consolidating its position in Germany. Then there was, as Schwarz points out, a diversion of xenophobia against Asiatic elements entering into the industrial picture. Also, in the early '30's a great deal of anti-government feeling, which no doubt had been masked earlier by antisemitism, came to be expressed openly in such movements as factory sabotage and broad peasant resistance to collectivization.

Finally, the purge trials of 1936-37-38, in which the most prominent defenders were mainly Jews, the purging of Jewish members of the secret police by Yezhov, and the mass arrests in 1938 of clerks in Moscow cooperatives, three-fourths of whom perhaps were Jewish, may have neutralized a great deal of antisemitic feeling. To some non-Soviet Jews, however, the purge trials were looked upon as a

particular danger because they "served as a springboard from which antisemitism increases by leaps and bounds."[100]

Whether or not the purges were part of a calculated antisemitic policy, entered on by those around Stalin, and aimed at strengthening the Soviet Union and its revolution against Nazi Germany, is something that can not be proved. Schwarz, in earlier writings,[101] appeared ready to accept the notion that the presence of a great number of Jews among those purged was a coincidence. However, in view of the fact that the motivation of the great purges has never been adequately explained, antisemitism as a means to a state end here can not be definitely ruled out. There are some points which suggest that there may be some substance in the thesis. Hostility to Stalin had risen within the party and the Comintern partly as a consequence of the disasters of the first Five Year Plan, but perhaps a good deal more as a result of the failure to thwart the rise of Hitler to power and the attendant destruction of both the party and the Jewish position in Germany. The purges did involve, within the ranks of Communist parties in the world, much slurring of the origins of people like Trotsky, Zinoviev and Kamenev. And the most loyal Jews, those that had worked hardest at selling Communism to Jews in the Soviet Union, were also purged. Finally, after the crisis, the cultural position of Soviet Jews deteriorated rapidly while there rose to new prominence not only a Russian nationalism but such a widely-reputed antisemite as the Politburo member Shcherbakov.

Schwarz suggests that in the late '30's it was fear of helping Nazi propaganda that kept the Soviet regime from attacking antisemitism. Also, in commenting, in another context, on the failure of Soviet leaders actively to report Nazi crimes against Jews, he suggests there was a fear that such reports would have aroused approval instead of indignation. "No one," writes Schwarz, "could have arrived at so gloomy a view who did not in the first place believe that antisemitism had a far stronger hold on the Soviet citizenry than has ever been admitted or even hinted at."[102] It has been suggested[103] that the Soviet authorities did seek in their propaganda to associate Trotskyism not only with Hitler but also with Judaism. By extension, it can be pointed out that such a course, in conjunction with the purges, would, by associating Jews with Nazism, nullify the effectiveness of any Nazi antisemitic propaganda that might be directed to Soviet peoples.

The state may thus have utilized a deliberate discriminatory policy

in order to defend its interests. It may also have been influenced in this direction by a new growth in Zionist feeling. For in association with the rise of Hitlerism, there developed outside the USSR an increasingly more active Zionism while, from 1937 and possibly under the additional impact of the purges, there appeared among Soviet Jews a revival of interest both in Zionism and religion.[104] Active Zionists and others, toward the end of the '30's, continued to look and comment upon the Soviet regime with hostility and alarm. Although it was clear that religious activity persisted in the Soviet Union and that assimilation was far from complete, it was equally clear that under the impact of Soviet policies a steady decline had set in among Jewish cultural institutions.

These new developments brought a clear-cut attack on Judaism, although it had none of the intensity of earlier years and was carefully associated with an attack on all religions. The atheist journal *Antireligioznik* published in 1938 an article entitled "The Union of Rabbis and Priests in the Struggle against the Revolutionary Movement."[105] In it the familiar charges were made of the close association between religion and class interest, and Zionists were denounced as "charlatans" who collaborated with fascists and concealed the counter-revolutionary function of the synagogues. More specifically, the persistence of the *kheders* was denounced and Soviet synagogues were cited as centers for anti-Soviet propaganda. In the United States the Communist-line Yiddish *Freiheit* published a new Gropper cartoon which utilized a stereotype Jew, but now in the role of a religious-minded sweatshop operator gathering funds for Zionism.[106]

Although the German persecution of Jews evoked, eventually, limited denunciations in the Soviet press,[107] generally speaking periodical literature skirted the question. Writings and museum exhibitions on religion and racism avoided, as a rule, any but the most fleeting references to Jews and dwelled rather on German persecution of Protestants and Catholics and on arguments against theories of "Aryan" supremacy.[108] More significant was the failure of Soviet authorities to take any positive action for the relief of the victims of the Nazis. The indifference of Soviet authorities, particularly in respect to the Nazi pogroms of November, 1938 could signify only that their primary interest was to maintain the independence and security of the regime in domestic affairs and world relations. This might very well have been a portent of a future isolationist policy.[109]

The signing of the German-Soviet non-aggression pact in August, 1939—accompanied by Molotov's observation that fascism was a "matter of taste"—was attended by new manifestations of antisemitism as state policy. Now more clearly were Jews discriminated against in appointments or removed from jobs. Formerly such activities could not be definitely separated from practices against other national groups. But there had been exceptions. Schwarz cites the discrimination against Jews in railroading, at the end of the '20's, and the more clear-cut discrimination after the purges, in the broad fields of executive, professional, and semiprofessional activity. Rather significantly, at this point statements circulating among the people to the effect that Jews dominated the professions and government positions remained uncontrolled by responsible organs.[110]

The Communist-Nazi alignment was accompanied, as it has been reported, by an actual purge of Jews from the commissariats for foreign affairs (the Narkomindel) and for foreign trade.[111] Maxim Litvinoff was, by these accounts, only the most famous victim. According to one story that circulated in Soviet officialdom and abroad, Stalin himself had called for the rolls of the Narkomindel and had struck off Jewish names, reducing their number from over eighty per cent of the staff to about three per cent.[112] One published (but also unconfirmed) report has stated that in the years 1939-40, when Germans refused to deal with Soviet Jews, the number of Jewish officials in the two commissariats was lowered from sixty per cent to fifteen per cent.[113] In 1946 John Fischer was told that in the past "ten years," i.e. from the time of the purges, eighty per cent of the Jews in the Soviet Communist Party had been dropped from membership.[114]

There is room for doubt, as Schwarz suggests, that all this was truly direct antisemitic discrimination. It could, then, have been an attempt "to deprive antisemitic resentments of a visible object."[115] It also could have represented an operation calculated to consolidate Russian and other support behind the regime, and against the possible appeal of Nazi propaganda. Yet in the final analysis, one cannot ignore the new Russian nationalism promoted by the party in the second half of the '30's, and the new "nationalist" orientation of the Politburo on the eve of the second World War. In these there was more than room enough for a deliberate and conscious antisemitism, masked always, of course, by the anti-Judaism and the anti-Zionism that could bring Nazis and Communists virtually eye to eye. Adherents of both

parties could and did say, at one time or another, that they were not opposed to "poor" Jews but only to "rich" Jews, at home and abroad.

VII

At a time when events were revealing that the Soviet government could easily engage in a discrimination policy, the social structure of the country still bore features that the events would tend to highlight. It was the belief of the British economist Hubbard that in 1941 Jews made up—"perhaps"—the majority of the rank and file in executive posts in Moscow.[116] More specific, though not necessarily accurate, data indicate that on the eve of the war over two-thirds of employed Jews fell in the categories of white-collar occupations, professions, crafts, or arts, and less than thirty per cent were engaged in agriculture or as laborers.[117]

This favorable position in the more attractive and better rewarded occupations[118] that the data suggest was the outgrowth of educational and other opportunities utilized earlier. Also it was one that, due to its material and cultural advantages, could easily be improved. Published school statistics for 1940 make it clear that virtually half of all students in the higher educational institutions, but not including technical schools, came from nonproletarian and nonpeasant backgrounds.[119] In other words, the white-collar and professional groups were tending to stratify and perpetuate themselves, while peasants and workers were tending to remain within the occupational status of their families. This tendency was strengthened in October, 1940 by a series of labor decrees. These not only introduced conscription of peasant and proletarian youths for training and employment in skilled labor and trades, but imposed tuition charges for instruction in the higher grades of the middle schools (which provided preparatory training for higher education) and in the higher institutions and schools of art.[120] The historian Toynbee has suggested that a "demonic driving force" can be generated when efforts at self-improvement among certain social elements are frustrated.[121]

The continuation of peace, accompanied by further economic and cultural growth and a rising standard of living, may very well have kept popular and official Soviet antisemitism in check. War, however, and the German invasion of the Soviet Union brought a violent turn for the worse, introducing the most unfavorable conditions imaginable for the future of the Soviet Jews.

The masses of the Soviet population, after years of struggle and promises of a better life, were suddenly called upon to make even greater exertions and greater sacrifices. Most of the feeling of exasperation and frustration that this[122] and the early disasters produced was converted into hatred and resistance to the Germans, but a good part of it, following older emotional channels, took the form of increased hostility toward Jews and toward the Soviet regime.[123] In addition, the areas that had revealed the greatest degree of antisemitic (and anti-government) feeling before the war were precisely the areas that came to witness the most disastrous defeats of the Soviet armies. In addition, these were subjected to intensive and largely successful German antisemitic propaganda, carried on by leaflet and broadcast in the unoccupied zones and by direct training and indoctrination in the areas behind German lines.[124]

The Soviet regime also contributed by encouraging what it had once called chauvinism. On the one hand, to strengthen the morale of the Russian majority in the population, it promoted in its propaganda that glorification of the Russian past which had actually started before the war and encouraged the reorganization and reconsolidation of the Russian Orthodox church. On the other hand, it not only did not attempt to counter Nazi propaganda charges of Jewish world domination and Jewish responsibility for the war, but it avoided any policy that might be construed as favoring the Jews and it ignored specifically anti-Jewish atrocities and native antisemitic outbreaks. As Schwarz suggests, official silence meant a further disarming of the people in the face of antisemitic agitation.[125]

New, overt expressions of antisemitic feeling first appeared in the latter part of 1941, both in Moscow and the Ukraine. They were first prompted, according to reports, by the self- or official evacuation of Jews from areas threatened by the Germans. Although Schwarz believes that probably "several hundred thousand" Jews were evacuated, he has found no evidence that there was a government policy of preferment on the basis of greater danger. Selection, it appears, was determined solely by administrative and economic considerations.[126] Early Soviet reports claiming that eighty per cent of the Jews in the areas occupied by the Germans had been evacuated were later denied.[127] The most careful, and unofficial, estimates of the number of survivors among those Jews who were under Soviet rule in 1941 did not exceed two million; Schwarz places the figure at 1,850,000.[128]

The evacuation, whatever its extent and whatever preferences may have entered in, evoked a wave of resentment among those compelled to stay behind. In Moscow reports spread of beatings and killings of Jews, attended even by rumors of the ritual murder of Christians. Antisemitism flared up in Kirghizia, in Soviet Central Asia, where many evacuees settled. To the west it appeared in the army and became a "characteristic occurrence" in the ranks of partisans—often led by Soviet officers—who gave expression to hatreds in their attacks on Jewish partisan groups.[129] More vicious manifestations took place in the Ukraine, where the homes of evacuated Jews were looted before the arrival of the Germans and where, afterward, members of the local population collaborated in or approved of the killing of Jews.[130]

Popular antisemitic feeling in the Soviet Union remained intense after the Germans had been driven out, despite the fact that there had been great loss of life among Soviet Jews. Apart from the prewar heritage, much of this was the result of German propaganda. Then, a good deal of additional antagonism arose when evacuated Jews returned and laid claim to their plundered property[131] and, obviously, to their former positions of employment. Among the fruits were actual killings; a pogrom in the Ukraine was reported as having taken sixteen Jewish lives.[132] Ukrainian authorities refused to permit a group of Jewish professors to return to Kiev and a Jewish theater to re-establish itself at Kharkov.[133]

By 1946 some abatement of the agitation was noticeable in the Ukraine,[134] but in 1948 there were still reports of hostility to Jews in various sectors of Soviet life.[135] The reporter Drew Middleton stated in February, 1948 that "the extent and intensity of antisemitism in the Soviet Union is surprising in a country that boasts of its lack of social prejudice." He commented that it was found in government departments and that it "flourishes" in Moscow, particularly in its poorer sections, and in Odessa and Kiev,[136] where Jews were blamed for the food shortage. There was not only the persistence of popular antisemitism. At the end of the war the question of the Jews, and the now customary and contradictory governmental policies concerning them, stood entangled in the domestic and foreign problems of the Soviet state.

Internally there were great social difficulties associated with, chiefly, the low standard of living, and therefore bad morale, that was

involved in postwar capital reconstruction, the maintenance of large armed forces and the development of an atom bomb. Outside the Union the Communist parties of the world were achieving new successes in eastern Europe and in the Far East. With these the Soviet regime was enjoying a prestige and power it had never known before. But there was also developing a "cold war" with the West, and there were in basic opposition to Soviet interests two international political developments. One of these was the new level of world power and prestige reached by the United States and the other was the successful consolidation of the movement for a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

Although Schwarz neglects the theme in the present work, Communism and Zionism, as we have seen, had been influenced in the past by a thorough antipathy to each other. There was a rapprochement for a while, between 1939 and 1948, but Zionist activity came to attain dimensions not even closely approached in the past. In addition, the interest of the Jews of the world in Palestine now also coincided with the new importance of the oil resources of the Middle East and, more significantly, with the new interest of the United States in the highly strategic areas of the eastern Mediterranean. More than this, the political opportunities that lay in the weakening of the French and British position in these areas had been seized first, not by Communists or the Soviet power, but by their enemies. The enunciation of the Truman Doctrine toward Greece and Turkey in 1947 was associated, in time, with the last and triumphant surge of Zionism.

Serving to aggravate this general situation, the traditionally anti-Communist position of Zionists and neo-Zionists became more outspoken after the war, when the Soviet regime appeared more influential and when the existence of antisemitism in the USSR became more and more obvious. Again, a new emphasis was given to the decay of Jewish cultural and religious life in the Soviet Union, although it was pointed out that this was in itself not due to specifically anti-Jewish measures.[137]

Writers, like Jacob Pat and Jacob Lestchinsky,[138] emphasized the low standard of living, the existence of antisemitism, the almost complete absence of specifically Jewish education or press, and the lack of freedom to resist assimilation. From the Soviet viewpoint publicist activity of this kind was not particularly new. It could even be ignored, as it was for a time. Now, however, it provided support to the newly strengthened Zionist movement. At the same time many Soviet Jews

and many Jews in the parts of eastern Europe, formerly under German domination and now under Communist control, were displaying reawakened or heightened religious devotion, national consciousness and interest in an independent homeland. No doubt they could have said with the Soviet Jewish propagandist Ehrenburg, "we are those whom Hitler hates the most, and this adorns us."

The existence of a keen interest in Palestine and Zionism, on the part of Soviet Jews after the war, has been fully reported.[139] Accounts have appeared of the migration of Russian-speaking Communist Jews to Palestine.[140] In April, 1949 a newsweekly carried a statement that "thousands" of Jews in the Soviet Union had applied to an Israeli mission for visas.[141] This interest or, as independent or related factors, the increase of hostility toward Soviet rule and fear of spreading anti-semitism, was expressed in far more unequivocal terms.

Considerable numbers of Soviet Jews who found themselves in central and western Europe at the war's end refused to return.[142] In addition, others within the Soviet Union took advantage of the freedom to leave the country granted to Polish Jews, who had originally fled or had been deported to the interior of the USSR. With the approximately 150,000 Polish Jews who left[143] there also departed, it has been conjectured, "many thousands," perhaps 25,000, Soviet Jews.[144]

The Jews who left the Soviet Union had a variety of experiences to recount. It is in good part from them that a great deal of new information was made available regarding Soviet realities. This information was, of course, put to ready use in propagandizing the Zionist cause in the United States, and to this cause American Jews responded generously and wholeheartedly. To the mind of the Communist theoretician, this was the inevitable association of "bourgeois chauvinist" Jews, Zionism, and a world imperialism, formerly British and now American.[145]

VIII

The Soviet government's activities and its policy toward Jews after the war would thus be complex. They would be, chiefly, responses to new internal and external problems. And these were associated with a popular antisemitism at home and with a sympathetic reaction of Soviet Jews to a basically anti-Communist movement outside the Union. The publicized response would be along expected propaganda lines.

The regime denied, of course, the existence of any antisemitism within the USSR. It encouraged migration to Birobidjan, and through its agencies it advertised its own Jewish homeland in the American press. Further reports of Soviet antisemitism and of the decay of Birobidjan, as in the *New York Times* in February, 1948, were met by a general denial in *Pravda*. Without mentioning Jews or antisemitism—a customary policy—the paper spoke, on February 29, 1948, of attempts "to heap lie upon lie about alleged oppression of other nationalities by the Russians." Counterattacks came to be made by Soviet writers on a highly exaggerated American antisemitism.

Indeed it could not be said that the government was doing nothing at all about combatting antisemitism. The work, *Law of the Soviet State*, edited by Andrei Vyshinsky, cited the death penalty for active antisemitism. Soviet educational facilities and motion pictures were being used against it.[146] And quiet "but earnest efforts" to overcome antisemitism in the Ukraine were reported,[147] while it was a series of court cases that revealed postwar Moscow antisemitism to one newspaperman.[148]

Nevertheless, antisemitism was not only a popular manifestation, but it became more definitely what it had appeared to be earlier, a political instrument of the Soviet government and the Communist Party. In addition to earlier motivations, there was now a further rationale behind its use. As a weapon in the hands of the Nazis it had proved effective in the 1930's against the Soviet Union and against Communism. Indeed, partly with its aid, as it appears, the Germans had almost been able to alienate the Byelorussian and Ukrainian population from Soviet rule. It was the racist policy applied to these peoples also that had stood, in this respect, between them and complete success.

Antisemitism, as we have seen, had been marked ever since 1917 with strong overtones of anti-Sovietism, or "counter-revolution." This characteristic had been particularly noticeable in Ukrainian separatist tendencies. With additional German agitation Ukrainian nationalism, which had survived earlier efforts of the Soviet regime to eradicate it, came out of the war stronger, more antisemitic and also more religious-minded than ever. And there existed a strong underground movement that was both anti-German and anti-Soviet.[149]

Two years after liberation a purge of political unreliables removed, according to John Fischer, thirty-eight per cent of the regional

secretaries of the Communist Party in the Ukraine, sixty-four per cent of all regional party chairmen, and two-thirds of the directors of the machine-tractor stations.[150] This background makes fully intelligible the policies of the Soviet government in regard to the Ukraine and Byelorussia after the liberation of these areas in 1943-44. On the one hand nationalism was at least partly mollified when special recognition was given the Ukrainians and Byelorussians for their sufferings in the war and when, as a consequence of Stalin's efforts, a new status was gained by these peoples through their admission to membership in the United Nations. On the other hand there was an official blinking of the existence of antisemitism and of the excesses committed against Jews during German occupation.[151]

Apart from this indirect encouragement of anti-Jewish feeling, there was a series of more direct policies. These could be viewed either as a definite postwar official antisemitism, beginning earlier than 1949 as suggested by Schwarz,[152] or as a policy of concessions to intensified antisemitic nationalism. Although they were probably both, it is not likely that the regime would have been completely frightened by the degree of disaffection shown by Ukrainians and Byelorussians. This was something it had dealt with most ruthlessly in the early '30's, when resistance was far more dangerous. Even in 1946, when the "cold war" was barely in its stride, the Soviet authorities had already begun their purges. And in March, 1947, the only Jewish Politburo member, Lazar Kaganovich, was made First Secretary of the Communist Party of the Ukraine.

As the first of the policies, and this became clear to several observers after 1945, the barriers that had been set up against Jews in various government departments before the war were kept standing and were even being raised. John Fischer in 1946 found no Jews in the upper Ukrainian bureaucracy.[153] In December, 1947 complaints were made to Molotov, by leaders among Soviet Jews, regarding the continuance of this official anti-Jewish policy.[154] The policy apparently aimed at eliminating Jews from the armed forces and from positions that would give them influence over the masses of the population or would bring them into contact with foreigners. Later information indicated that they were being barred from diplomatic and language schools, from military academies and dramatic schools and from teaching and research.[155] Schwarz's researches show that from 1947 a definite decline began to take place in the number of Jewish recipients of Stalin

prizes.[156] In February, 1948 it was reported that the numbers of Jewish students were being restricted in the medical and law schools in the universities at Kiev and Moscow.[157] And at the beginning of 1949 it was pointed out that Jews were being discriminated against also in representation at international conferences.[158]

There was a second policy that went beyond even these steps. Perhaps as the end product of Stalin's belief, expressed at Yalta, that "the Jewish problem was extremely difficult,"[159] the policy of shifting great masses of people for purposes of state security, which had been applied since the '30's to a dozen nationalities,[160] was now applied to Jews. Regrettably, Schwarz in his present work has not dealt with this development. However, first reports of the movements of bodies of Jews eastward, specifically to Birobidjan, indicated that these were voluntary and motivated by the spread of antisemitism. In November, 1947 a group of two thousand Jews left for the Far East, and another group of four thousand was being organized for transport. This was to be made up almost entirely of intellectuals who had hitherto shown very little interest in resettlement.[161]

It began to appear that other movements were being organized which would involve the shifting of Jews from such areas of strong antisemitic feeling, and of high strategic importance to the Soviet Union, as the Ukraine.[162] Finally, a flood of information in 1949 made it more clear that an anti-Zionist policy was involved and that these movements were now under full government direction and were embracing ever greater numbers of Jews. According to reports, the regime moved against applicants for visas at the Israel mission, while Jews were now being deported in masses from Byelorussia and the Ukraine, and from Bukovina and Bessarabia.[163] Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, executive director of the American-Jewish League Against Communism, announced on the basis of personal letters that 400,000 Jews were being forcibly removed from their homes in these western areas. It was his opinion that these were undertaken both to appease antisemitic feeling and to make the borderland more secure "in preparation for an international conflict."[164] Additional information, appearing in 1951, revealed that Birobidjan, never a success, had finally been given up by the Soviet government as a Jewish homeland, and that Jews were being scattered through Siberia.[165]

While these policies may have been motivated in part by a resolve to make "concessions," a new policy appearing in 1949 could

not be so qualified. With it the Communist regime at last adopted, unequivocally and openly, the device of antisemitism as a weapon of party tactic and revolution. This policy manifested itself first as a drive on "cosmopolitanism" in various fields of Soviet intellectual activity.[166] The drive took form in the first months of 1949, at the same time that the "cold war" reached a new pitch and that Soviet attacks—following an earlier more neutral stand—on the new state of Israel began. In some respects this phase of activity was a further development of the wartime emphasis on Russian national feeling, which had been dropped for a brief while, with the coming of peace, but was now revived.

Ostensibly the—here—invidious term "cosmopolitan" was applicable to anyone who showed admiration for non-Russian achievements, or said anything even remotely derogatory of the Russian character, and thereby proved himself guilty of "slavish subservience to the West." In practice the term came to be applied chiefly to Jews, a point that was underscored in several ways. It was done by singling out individuals with "Jewish" names, and by hyphenation of the original "Jewish" names with assumed ones. Or it was done by citing "homeless cosmopolites," "rootless cosmopolites," and "cosmopolitans without ancestry," terms that echoed early party views as to the essentially territorial nature of nationality.[167] By conservative estimate, sixty per cent of the "cosmopolites" turned out to be Jews, while they represented but one per cent in the Soviet population.[168]

One specific attack, by the *Soviet Literary Gazette* early in 1949, denounced the notion of a " 'universal' Jewish literature" as a "petty cosmopolitan bourgeois-nationalist idea, which plays into the hands of our enemies."[169] The implied theme that Soviet Jews were disloyal and pro-American was put even more definitely at the time. It was declared that only a Jewish theater in Byelorussia was putting on "unpatriotic plays in which life in America is praised," and Zionism was labelled a weapon in the "West's war against the Soviet Union."[170] Two years later, at the end of 1950, Jewish writers were being labelled as "cosmopolites" who were spreading Zionism and other anti-Soviet nationalist ideas.[171]

The points of similarity with Hitlerian anti-Jewish propaganda were becoming even sharper. The "Jewish international financier" appeared, represented by the same families attacked by the Nazis. On May 13, 1950, the Moscow radio declared, in a broadcast beamed to

America, that "in 1933, James Warburg, the American banker, put $32 million at Hitler's disposal." This perhaps was another instance of the clever association of Jews with Hitlerism. And *Krokodil,* the Soviet humor weekly, has now been including a Rothschild in its anti-west cartoons. Rothschild is depicted, as "cosmopolites" in earlier *Krokodil* issues have been, with the Jewish stereotype hooked nose.[172] To complete the similarity with Nazi propaganda activity, Soviet journalism, according to recent analyses, has shown marked tendencies to present the Russians as a superior people.

IX

If the story of Soviet antisemitism were peculiar only to the Soviet Union, the western reader might well list it with other evils of the regime and then shrug it off as of little immediate consequence. Yet it is not to be so dismissed. For it is easily shown that Soviet-style antisemitism, like its Nazi counterpart, appears wherever there is a supporting party movement and tends to become its weapon. The theme is not dealt with by Schwarz in his present volume and it may be treated in the projected supplement. Still, it can be stated now that patterns in the satellite areas, after the war, have been carbon copies of those in the USSR. Also, outside the Iron Curtain areas Communist Parties at one time or another have, as expected, followed the lines.

There is a report that in the autumn of 1948 "antisemitic instrutions" were delivered from Moscow to the Communist governments of the satellite countries.[173] In these areas about one million Jews had survived the end of World War II.[174] Whether or not the report is true, it is true that developments comparable to those of the early years of the Soviet Union appeared in these countries as they fell under Communist control. Now, however, there were the additional complications of the postwar political scene.

As in the western parts of the old Russian empire, there had been earlier an active antisemitism in countries like Rumania and Hungary where the Jewish population was chiefly middle-class. This antisemitism had been intensified of course under Nazi occupation and influence, and thus after the German defeat it appeared more virulent than ever. Also, it was promoted by those who had seized Jewish properties and feared compulsory restitution.[175] The situation was aggravated in places like Rumania where Jews came to occupy a prominent place in the new administration,[176] or like Czechoslovakia where, appar-

ently, Jews from the eastern parts of the old republic moved west and took advantage of new, though transitory, postwar economic opportunities.[177]

As in the Soviet Union, in the course of its earlier history, the policy of the new regimes was ambiguous. Laws were passed in several countries—Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria—to repress agitation against groups or individuals on racial or religious grounds.[178] But in these countries, with the possible exception of Bulgaria, antisemites were members of the new governments.[179] In Hungary, Laszlo Rajk, hanged in October 1949, was recognized during his period of ascendancy as the leading Communist antisemite and was considered chief by Hungarian antisemites generally.[180] Not so peculiarly, his accusers in the course of his trial attempted to label him as Jewish. Yet his fall from grace did not affect the power position of Matthias Rakosi, the Hungarian Communist leader. For our general theme this is as anomalous as is the case of Kaganovich in the Ukraine. However, here is an "exception" that, by chance, can serve to "prove the rule."

In February, 1949[181] several delegations of Hungarian Jews visited Rakosi to protest the antagonism being shown to Jews by Communists. The receptionist stated in advance that he, Rakosi, and Revai, another member of the government—all recognized as Jews by the delegations—were not Jews but "non-sectarian . . . our prayer is our work for socialism." In the interview Rakosi repeated points that had appeared in early Soviet antisemitic literature. He asked the delegation if they believed that "we Communists will give up our progressive economic policy because it does not suit the Jewish bourgeoisie?" More bluntly he asked, "Do you believe that you really are the 'chosen people'? A state within the communist state?" From here the comments reduced themselves to the familiar charges: the Jewish bourgeoisie was conspiring against Hungary; the leaders of the new state of Israel were in the service of the war-mongering West; Israel's government members were "scoundrels in the pay of Washington."

In Hungary and in Poland Communists utilized anti-Jewish feeling to provoke public disturbances that reached the severity of pogroms.[182] In Poland in the fall of 1949 a whole series of measures placed Jewish newspapers and institutions under government control.[183] These developments help explain why Jews in all these countries did come to participate broadly in the new postwar Zionist move-

ment. The exodus of numbers of Jews from the Soviet Union was matched by similar movements out of satellite countries, particularly Poland and Rumania. To the end of 1950 about 250,000 had emigrated since the war, with perhaps 75,000 emigrating in that year alone.[184] On the other hand, a good measure of this response was quite likely prompted by economic crisis and by restraints on economic activity.[185]

Also as in the Soviet Union earlier, measures were taken by the satellite governments to suppress whatever Jewish activities emphasized national distinctiveness. In Poland, Rumania, Hungary and Czechoslovakia the Communist regimes had advanced by 1951 far along the path of liquidating Jewish schools, clubs, organizations and hospitals.[186] As in earlier Soviet propaganda a special point was made by Rumanian Communists of the economic position of the Jewish middle classes, which was attacked.[187]

The main object in the assault was of course Zionism, denounced as always as an instrument of reaction and capitalist imperialism. Clubs and institutions associated with the movement were repressed in Rumania and Hungary, after having been tolerated for a time. In these countries, as in Poland, where a relatively generous position had been taken earlier, barriers to emigration were put up in the course of 1949. The reasons for this are implicit in other remarks of Rakosi made earlier in the year: Jewish "workers we need ourselves; the young Jews must use their efforts and strength in this country." Rumania, however, was ready to lower the restrictions on those Jews wishing to go to Palestine who had been indoctrinated in Marxism and Leninism.[188]

The fall of Rudolf Slansky from power in Czechoslovakia at the end of 1951, and of Anna Pauker in Rumania more recently, stress merely that the general situation continues. Immediately after the former event, it had become clear that, since Slansky and many of his associates were of Jewish background, antisemitism was involved, if only to distract the Czechs from their grievous economic condition. This was accented in a speech of the Czech Premier Zapotocky, when he attacked "Jewish capitalism," and in a newspaper article that denounced those like Slansky who were "indifferent to the past and present of the people among whom they live because they have nothing in common with them."[189] Czech newspapers have continued to dwell on antisemitic arguments: Jews have been a source of "imperialism" and "subversion," Zionism is an arm of American

imperialism; the Czech workers of the past had to slave for the Guttmans and the Rothschilds.[190]

When we leave the countries under direct Soviet control, we continue to find indications of Communist-promoted antisemitism. Most noteworthy are the manifestations in the areas caught in the power struggle between the Soviet bloc and the West. The French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* once commented that it was not "by accident" that three-fourths of the leading Trotsyists were Jews.[191] Another French newspaper referred, in 1947, to the "cosmopolitanism" of Jews and its association with American commercial aims.[192] In the Western Hemisphere, in Latin America, Paz Estenssoro, the antisemite and revolutionary nationalist who seized power in Bolivia this past April, had the support of the Bolivian Communist Party in his candidacy for the presidency in May 1951.[193] And the Stalinist Mexican painter Diego Rivera has, in a mural, depicted Uncle Sam with a hooked nose.[194]

Within the United States itself, a country of mixed nationalities and religions, the Communist movement has always sought to aggravate group differences while pretending to deny them. From the early '20's, as is known by anyone with a real acquaintance with the movement, antisemitic currents have appeared in party activities. The Gropper cartoons that have been cited are suggestive of this, as is the Moscow broadcast to North America associating the American banker Warburg with Hitler. More to the point, Professor Sidney Hook has written that in the time of the Stalin-Trotsky controversy one Pacific Coast Stalinist equated Trotskyists with "Jewish intellectuals." In the East, in the '30's, they were characterized as "neurotic New York Jews." Hook himself has known a leading American Communist who disliked Jews without understanding why.[195]

The one area that can, at the present, be called the most critical zone of conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States is, of course, the Arab-Moslem world with Israel at its center. Here the USSR is winning the struggle for popular support, and it is achieving this with the aid of antisemitism or its almost-twin, anti-Zionism. Within Palestine itself, from the first world war to the second, the fight against Zionism was carried on by miniscule Arab and Jewish Communist groups, which followed the line of labelling the movement as a tool of British imperialists. Ultimately an edge was given to the Arabs. They were aided in November, 1930 when the Comin-

tern Executive sharpened the line with its declaration that "Zionism is the exponent of the exploiting, big-power, imperialist oppressive strivings of the Hebrew bourgeoisie which uses the oppressed position of the Hebrew minority in eastern Europe for imperialist policy and for the securing of their domination."[196] After the 1929 riots in Palestine, the Comintern had as a matter of fact issued instructions that Arabs should constitute a majority in the Communist Party of the country. At the Seventh Congress of the Comintern, in 1935, these Arabs declared that they would continue to promote the Arabization of Palestine while working with "reliable and honest Jewish comrades."[197]

The Soviet Communist hostility toward Zionism was modified on the eve of World War II when the British adopted a less cooperative attitude toward Zionists. It was modified to the point of friendliness when the Soviet Union was drawn into war and became involuntarily a foe of Germany and an ally of England. The remarks of a Soviet diplomat in 1943 suggested that there had been a complete reversal of position. While in the '20's, he said, Zionism could not but be considered an arm of British imperialism, "today" the Soviets preferred to have in Palestine "advanced and progressive Jews" instead of "backward Arabs."[198] Friendliness continued through the year 1947 when the Soviet Union came out in support of the partition of Palestine and recognized the new state of Israel. This, as a report of the House of Representatives has suggested, meant alienation of Arab good will for a time but this was outweighed by the elimination of British forces from the area.[199]

Within two years Soviet policy again reversed itself. American power in the area, replacing the British, had in the meanwhile developed in association with the Truman Doctrine and Arab national feeling had reached a new intensity. In 1949 Communist propaganda called for a "class war" on Zionism and declared to Arabs that Israel was an outpost of American imperialism.[200] Within another two years Communist groups in the Arab area had brought themselves into alliance with a one-time friend of Hitler, the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem.[201] The timing and success of the switch, in view of the present agitation in the Arab-Moslem world, has been nothing less than remarkable. This is the only possible conclusion when one finds an Arab reactionary and an Arab humanist speaking in the same terms. The Syrian premier Dawalibi has said that "the Arabs would prefer a thousand-

fold to become a Soviet republic rather than a prey to world Jewry."[202] And Charles Malik, Lebanese delegate to the United Nations, has written with emphasis that "practically every Arab, faced with the choice between Zionist domination with western connivance and outright Soviet annexation, would choose the latter."[203]

X

The Communist regime began its existence in Russia with a basic hostility to national and religious consciousness among peoples, including Jews. It inherited a broad popular antisemitism which it officially opposed but partly shared, and which grew more intense and more a guise for a hostility to the regime itself. The interaction of these factors and the social and political developments of the following thirty years finally made the regime almost totally antisemitic.

It can be said, in conclusion, that Soviet-Communist antisemitism has, in the final analysis, not yet become the racist antisemitism of Hitler's National Socialists. Neither state nor party policy has so far called for the physical destruction of the Jews. This is due in the main to broad ideological and political considerations, and to the tactical advantage of appearing, however fraudulently, as champion of disadvantaged minority elements. However, the Soviet regime is also governed by practical concerns. As a group, Soviet and satellite Jews are today a repository of exceptional energy, skills, and developed talents. These the Communists, as Rakosi indicated, would hardly wish to lose, least of all to an anti-Soviet Zionism.

Yet, as is quite clear, the Communist ideology can not tolerate religious beliefs or any national consciousness that will not recognize the primacy of that ideology and promote its success. Since the persistence of such beliefs, or consciousness, constitutes real threats to it, the regime works to eradicate them ultimately, in line with Lenin's and Stalin's teachings. From this derives a permanent form of Soviet antisemitism. Then, since the regime apparently finds it necessary at times to conciliate the most dangerous of developments of popular antisemitism, it makes concessions to them which come to represent another aspect of antisemitism. Finally, antisemitism appears as a political device. In a country governed by an all-powerful revolutionary party, there are few opportunities for a free release of hatreds and resentments generated by social strains, insecurities and frustrations. Some of this feeling has been diverted continually against "capitalist

encirclement," or "imperialism." Some of it has been diverted against kulaks and Trotskyists and against Nazism. Then, of course, some of it can be diverted, as it has been, against Jews. The total effect of all these measures can, in an age of global strains, result eventually in a final annihilation of all Jews falling under Communist rule.

This is obviously significant in itself. It is more significant that there is in Soviet antisemitism a problem and a danger for the non-Soviet world, where Communism does have supporters and sympathizers. The promotion of distrust and hatred of Jews can easily become, in times of crisis, a means of fostering social division—and Communist infiuence—in liberal democratic societies. The final conclusion that can be drawn is that suggested by Alvin Johnson in his foreword to Schwarz's book. This is that only a truly democratic society can provide maximum assurances of social and political justice.

Notes

1. L. Radishchev, *Yad: Ob Antisemitizme Nashikh Dnei* (Poison: Concerning the Antisemitism of Our Time), Leningrad, 1930, p. 84; Yu. Larin, *Yevrei i Antisemitizm v SSSR*, (Jews and Antisemitism in the USSR), Moscow, 1929, p. 27-28; L. E. Hubbard, *Soviet Labour and Industry*, London: Macmillan, 1942, p. 273; A. Yarmolinsky, *The Jews and Other Minor Nationalities Under the Soviets*, New York: Vanguard, 1928, pp. 21, 63.

2. Larin, pp. 52, 64; L. Zinger, *Natsional'nyi Sostav Proletariata v SSSR* (The National Composition of the Proletariat in the USSR), Moscow, 1934, p. 83.

3. Larin, pp. 47-49, 53.

4. Larin, pp. 68-72.

5. L. Zinger, *Yevreiskoye Naseleniye v Sovetskom Soyuze: Statistiko-Ekononicheskii Obzor* (The Jewish Population in the Soviet Union: A Statistical-Economic Survey), Moscow, 1932, p. 36.

6. Larin, pp. 59, 61, 103; Yarmolinsky, pp. 113-114.

7. Schwarz, pp. 4, 117.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 8; Larin, pp. 29-31, 34-35, 260-265.

9. *Universal Jewish Encyclopedia*, IX, 668, 670, 672.

10. Schwarz, p. 195; Yarmolinsky, p. 63; Larin, p. 60; Zinger, *Yevr. Nas.*, p. 17; *Jewish Affairs*, Vol. I, No. 1 (New York, 1941), *passim*.

11. N. Lenin, *Ob Yevreiskom Voprose v Rossii* (On the Jewish Question in Russia), with forward by P. Lepeshinsky, and Introduction by S. Dimanshtein, Kharkov, 1924; see introduction, pp. 16-17. Dimanshtein sought to have the broadside suppressed as he felt it did not conform to reality and would only aid antisemitism.

12. *Ibid.*, pp. 17-18. Lenin also credited Latvians who had brought discipline and organization with them to Russian factories. Also see Larin, p. 73; Yarmolinsky, pp. 113-114; R. V. Nirah, "Semitism and Antisemitism in Soviet Russia," *Contemporary Russia*, II (London, 1937-38), pp. 15-16, 22.

13. Schwarz, pp. 262, 272-273; Larin, p. 125; R. V. Nirah, "Is Russian Jewry Doomed?" *Contemporary Russia*, II (London, 1937-38), pp. 436-439.

14. Zinger, *Nats. Sost.*, p. 84; *Yevr. Nas.*, pp. 36, 51, 139, 172.

15. Zinger, *Nats. Sost.*, pp. 84-87; *Yevr. Nas.*, pp. 85, 139, 172.

16. Zinger, *Yevr. Nas.*, p. 52.

17. Schwarz, p. 299; *Jewish Affairs*, as cited.

18. Larin, pp. 86, 97.

19. Zinger, *Nats. Sost.*, p. 13. The ratio of workers to white collar workers between 1926 and 1931: Ukrainians, 60:40, 78:22; Byelorussians, 59:41, 75:25; Jews, 38:62, 43:57.

20. Schwarz, p. 263; Larin, p. 97; Zinger, *Yevr. Nas.*, p. 11.

21. Larin, pp. 256, 258.

22. *Ibid.*, pp. 114-115.
23. Abraham Heller, *Die Lage der Juden in Russland von der Märzrevolution* 1917 *bis zur Gegenwart*, Breslau, 1935, p. 109.
24. Nirah, "Semitism," pp. 23-29.
25. Leon Dennen, *Where the Ghetto Ends*, New York, 1934, p. 31.
26. Nirah, "Semitism," pp. 23-24; Larin, p. 247.
27. Yarmolinsky, p. 113.
28. Heller, p. 127; O. Kabakov, "Ob antisemitizme," *Vestnik Truda* ("Concerning Antisemitism," Messenger of Labor), 1928, No. 3-4, pp. 71-74.
29. I. Deutscher, *Stalin*, New York: Oxford, 1949, p. 91.
30. See articles by Nirah, Kabakov; books by Radishchev, Larin; also, I. Bobryshev, "Antisemitizm sredi molodezhi," *Molodaya Gvardiya* ("Antisemitism among the Youth," The Young Guard), 1928, No. 2, pp. 151-161.
31. As above.
32. Larin, pp. 127-134.
33. Radishchev, pp. 6, 23; Larin, pp. 239ff.
34. Radishchev, pp. 21, 56-58.
35. Larin, pp. 241-243.
36. T. G. Masaryk, *Spirit of Russia*, I, 158; Schwarz, p. 94.
37. L. S. Dobriansky in *The Ukrainian Quarterly*, V (1949), p. 167.
38. Larin, p. 39; Carol Jacobson, "The Jews in the USSR," *American Review on the Soviet Union*, V (1945), pp. 50-68, see p. 58. These two writers give the figure of 200,000. Zinger, *Yevr. Nas.*, p. 7, gives 90-100,000 lives lost in pogroms within the limits of the Soviet Union (of 1926) between 1897 and 1923.
39. Larin, p. 37.
40. Radishchev, pp. 18-19.
41. *Ibid.*, p. 56.
42. Larin, pp. 121, 248-249.
43. Carey McWilliams, *A Mask for Privilege: Anti-Semitism in America*, Boston, 1948, p. 109.
44. Larin, pp. 45, 244; Bobryshev, as cited.
45. Larin, pp. 24, 46-47, 254-255.
46. Nirah, "Semitism," pp. 25-27.
47. Larin, p. 86. He pointed out that antisemitism was relatively weaker in Byelorussia than in Moscow (p. 106).
48. Larin, pp. 282-289.
49. *Ibid.*
50. Schwarz, pp. 215, 241, 274, 276, 301, 348.
51. Lenin, *Ob. yev.*, p. 151; Larin, p. 7.
52. Lenin, *Ob. yev.*, pp. 15, 83.
53. Schwarz, pp. 292-293.
54. Lenin, *Ob yev.*, pp. 25-26, 73-74.
55. *Zionism*, pamphlet published in New York, 1907, p. 7.
56. Lenin, *Ob yev.*, p. 38.
57. *Ibid.*, introduction.
58. *Ibid.*, pp. 12, 32f., 38-40.
59. *Ibid.*, pp. 61, 64.
60. J. Stalin, *Marxism and the National Question*, New York, 1942.
61. Lenin, *Ob yev.*, p. 64; U. Z. Engelman, *The Rise of the Jew in the Western World*, New York, 1944, pp. 175-76.
62. Quoted in Leon Baratz, *La question juive en U.R.S.S.*, Paris, 1938 (pamphlet).
63. A. L. Sachar, *The Jew in the Contemporary World*, New York: Knopf, 1939, p. 384.
64. E. R. von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, "The Bohemian Background of German National Socialism," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, IX, 366.
65. Schwarz, pp. 93, 94, 98, 117-118.
66. Lenin, *Ob yev.*, pp. 15, 83; Larin, p. 9.
67. See below.
68. Lenin, *Ob yev.*, pp. 81, 82; E. J. Simmons, ed., *USSR: A Concise Handbook*, Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell, 1947, p. 3.
69. *Universal Jewish Encyclopedia*, IX, 672.
70. Heller, p. 104f.
71. Yarmolinsky, p. 112.
72. *Universal Jewish Encyclopedia*, IX, 675-676; *Bolshaya Sovetskaya Entsiklopediya*, LIX, 487.
73. Heller, pp. 113-115.
74. Compare data in *Universal Jewish Encyclopedia*, IX, 676, and in R. P. Casey, *Religion in Russia*, New York, 1946, pp. 92-93.
75. *The New Leader*, June 12, 1948.
76. Larin, p. 258 and *passim*.
77. M. Enisherlov, *et al.*, eds., *Voinstvuyushchyeye Bezbozhiye v SSSR za* 15 *let*, 1917-1932 (The Fighting Godless in the USSR for 15 years), Moscow, 1932, p. 257.
78. Shakhnovich, *passim* and p. 49.
79. *Ibid.*, p. 10.
80. *Ibid.*, pp. 42, 46f.
81. A. Ranovich, "Paskha v yevreiskom bytu," *Antireligioznik* ("The Passover in Jewish Life," The Antireligious Person), 1931, No. 2, pp. 13-17.
82. Shakhnovich, p. 24.
83. *Ibid.*, pp. 82-83.
84. *Ibid.*, pp. 8-9, 57f.
85. *Ibid.*, p. 26.
86. *Ibid.*, pp. 83-85.
87. *Ibid.*, pp. 7-8, 11-12.
88. Sachar, p. 166.
89. Reprinted in the *New Leader*, March 8, 1947.
90. See below.
91. See foreword to Shakhnovich, and Larin, p. 242.
92. Hubbard, p. 277.
93. *American Jewish Year Book*, XXXVI (1934), p. 236, XXXVIII (1936), pp. 302-

303; Nirah, "Semitism," p. 3; C. Jacobson, "The Jews in the USSR," p. 56.

94. Nirah, "Semitism," p. 31.

95. Nirah, "Is Russian Jewry Doomed?" p. 439; Kabakov, "Ob antisemitizme"; M. Kefala, "Religiya i Antisemitism," *Antireligioznik*, 1931, No. 8, pp. 93-99.

96. C. Jacobson, "The Jews in the USSR," p. 56; Nirah, "Semitism," p. 30; *American Jewish Year Book*, XXXVIII (1936), pp. 302-303.

97. Nirah, "Semitism," p. 28.

98. 20 *Let Sovetskoi Vlasti: Statisticheskii Sbornik*, Moscow, 1937, p. 71; *Stalinskaya Konstitutsiya Sotsializma* (The Stalin Constitution of Socialism), 2nd ed., Moscow, 1938, pp. 72-73.

99. Frank Lorimer, *The Population of the Soviet Union*, Geneva, 1946, p. 106.

100. Nirah, "Is Russian Jewry Doomed?" pp. 430-433.

101. *Commentary*, June 1949, p. 535.

102. Schwarz, p. 392.

103. See J. Leslie in the *New Leader*, June 19, 1948.

104. *American Jewish Year Book*, XL (1938), p. 307, XLI (1939), p. 369.

105. L. Khaitov, "Soyuz ravvinov i popov v borbe protiv revolyutsionnogo dvizheniya" (The Union of Rabbis and Priests in the Struggle against the Revolutionary Movement), *Antireligioznik*, 1938, No. 8-9, pp. 48-51.

106. Reprinted in the *New Leader*, June 5, 1948.

107. *American Jewish Year Book*, XLI (1939), p. 370.

108. See as examples *Kommunisticheskii Internatsional*, 1937, No. 4, pp. 106-113; *Sovetskii Muzei* (Soviet Museum), 1939, No. 1, pp. 38-42; *Antireligioznik*, 1939, No. 3, pp. 37-42.

109. As suggested by a letter writer in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, December 2, 1938.

110. Schwarz, pp 299-300.

111. *Newsweek*, December 29, 1947, pp. 30-32. L. Hubbard denied in 1941 that there was a policy of exclusion associated with the non-aggression pact; see his *Soviet Labour*, pp. 275-276.

112. As told to the writer by a member of the State Department after his return from Moscow in 1944.

113. Polish Catholic Press Agency, *The Weekly Review of European Fact and Problems* (New York), August 10, 1945.

114. J. Fischer, *The Scared Men in the Kremlin*, London, 1947, p. 87.

115. Schwarz, p. 301.

116. Hubbard, pp. 272, 276.

117. *Jewish Affairs*; C. Jacobson, p. 62.

118. Fischer, pp. 76, 83; Hubbard, pp. 170-172.

119. *Kulturnoye Stroitelstvo SSSR* 1935, Moscow, 1936, pp. 94, 114.

120. The decrees may be found in the appendices to Abram Bergson's *The Structure of Soviet Wages*, Cambridge, Mass., 1944.

121. A. J. Toynbee, *A Study of History*, V (London, 1939), pp. 158-159.

122. Hubbard, p. vii.

123. W. L. White, *Report on the Russians*, New York, 1945, p. 167; and the work of fiction by Godfrey Blunden, *A Room on the Route*, New York, 1947, pp. 79, 195-196. There are others.

124. Schwarz, p. 350, fn. 43; Fischer, p. 86; White, p. 165; Harry Schwartz, "Has Russia Solved the Jewish Problem?" *Commentary*, February 1948, p. 132; the present writer was also told of this activity by German prisoners of war who had fought in Russia.

125. Schwarz, p. 342.

126. *Ibid.*, pp. 197, 22f.

127. *The Weekly Review of European Facts and Problems*, as cited.

128. Schwarz, p. 232; *American Jewish Year Book*, L (1948), pp. 693, 400, and see XLIX (1947), p. 395, and the *New Leader*, October 4, 1947.

129. *The Weekly Review*, as cited.

130. *Ibid.*; Harry Schwartz, p. 132; Fischer, p. 86; article by Jacob Pat in the *New Leader*, June 5, 1948.

131. Fischer, p. 86; articles by Edmund Stevens in *Christian Science Monitor*, January 10 and 12, 1950.

132. *The Weekly Review*, as cited; Harry Schwartz, pp. 132-133.

133. *Ibid.*

134. Fischer, p. 86.

135. Article by Jacob Pat, as cited.

136. *New York Times*, February 13, 1948.

137. *American Jewish Year Book*, XLIX (1947), p. 406.

138. Articles in the *New Leader*, March 8, May 3, October 4, 1947.

139. *Newsweek*, December 29, 1947; articles by Jacob Pat, Louis Fischer, and Mark Alexander in the *New Leader*, October 4, 1947, November 27, 1948, and April 16, 1949; *New York Times*, July 25, 1949; *Christian Science Monitor*, as cited.

140. See *New York Times*, February 15, 1948, and February 26.

141. *Time*, April 18, 1949.

142. Article by Jacob Pat in the *New Leader*, June 5, 1948.

143. *Idem*, for May 3, 1947.

144. Articles by David Dallin and Jacob Pat in the *New Leader*, March 6 and January 24, 1948; *New York Times*, July 25, 1948.

145. Dorothy Thompson in syndicated articles, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, March 16, 1949.
146. C. Jacobson, p. 67.
147. Fischer, p. 86; *American Jewish Year Book*, XLVIII (1946), p. 324.
148. *New York Times*, February 13, 1948.
149. Fischer, pp. 94-96; *The Weekly Review*.
150. Fischer, p. 97.
151. *The Weekly Review*.
152. Schwarz, p. 355.
153. Fischer, pp. 86-87, 93.
154. *Newsweek*, December 29, 1947.
155. See article by D. Dallin in the *New Leader*, March 6, 1948; *New York Times*, February 13 and 15, 1948; and *Christian Science Monitor*, January 10 and 12, 1950.
156. Schwarz, pp. 360-361.
157. *New York Times*, as cited.
158. Israel Cohen, "The Plague of Anti-Semitism," *The Quarterly Review* (London), April, 1949, p. 182; Ralph Parker refers to all such complaints as absurd, see *Soviet Russia Today*, March 1949.
159. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., *Roosevelt and the Russians*, Garden City: Doubleday, 1949, p. 278.
160. Ukrainians, Poles, Esthonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Baltic Germans, Volga Germans, Chechens, Ingush, Crimean Tatars, etc.
161. Also *New York Times*, February 15, 1948.
162. Harry Schwartz, as cited; Peter Viereck, *Conservatism Revisited*, New York: Charles Scribners, 1949, p. 171.
163. *Christian Science Monitor*, as cited; *The Observer* (London), August 7, 1949; *New York Herald-Tribune*, September 11, 1948; *New Leader*, January 15, 1951.
164. *New York Times* and *Daily Mirror*, July 25, 1949.
165. *New York Times*, April 22, July 13, 1951, and April 20, 1952.
166. Reports on this phase given in *Time*, April 18, 1949; article by S. Schwarz in the *New Leader*, June 4, 1949; *New York Times*, September 22, 1949.
167. Schwarz, p. 356; Viereck, pp. 171-172; *New York Times*, April 22, 1951.
168. *New York Times*, May 12, 1949.
169. Schwarz in the *New Leader*, as cited; *Christian Science Monitor*, as cited.
170. Viereck, pp. 158-159.
171. *New York Times*, April 22, 1951.
172. Viereck, p. 174; *Time*, April 14, 1952; broadcast as heard by present writer.
173. *New Leader*, January 15, 1951.
174. Article by R. Markham in *Christian Science Monitor*, April 5, 1949.
175. I. Cohen, pp. 176-179.
176. Article by "Danubius" in the *New Leader*, October 8, 1949.
177. Article by I. Kristol, in *New Leader*, May 24, 1947.
178. I. Cohen, p. 180.
179. Articles by Kristol and G. J. Mintzer in the *New Leader*, May 24, 1947, and August 14, 1948; *Christian Science Monitor*, April 5, 1949.
180. *New Leader*, January 15, 1951; F. Nagy, *The Struggle Behind the Iron Curtain*, New York, 1948, pp. 190, 196.
181. Bela Fabian, *New Leader*, January 1, 1951, pp. 12-14.
182. Nagy, pp. 245-249; S. Mikolajczyk, *The Rape of Poland*, New York, 1948, pp. 167-168.
183. *The Observer*, November 20, 1949.
184. *New York Times*, February 4, 1951.
185. *New Leader*, January 24, 1948, April 16, 1949; *Time*, March 7, 1949; *Christian Science Monitor*, April 5, 1949.
186. *New York Times*, February 17, 1951.
187. *Christian Science Monitor*, as cited.
188. *Ibid.*; *Time*, April 18, 1949; article by Dorothy Thompson, as cited; *New York Times*, February 17, 1951.
189. Quotations from *Time*, December 31, 1951; *Newsweek*, December 10, 1951; *New Leader*, December 17 and 24, 1951.
190. *News from Behind the Iron Curtain*, February 1952, p. 8.
191. Sidney Hook, in *Partisan Review*, May 1949, p. 465.
192. Quoted by I. Kristol in the *New Leader*, May 24, 1947.
193. *New York Times*, May 20, 1951, p. 2E.
194. *Newsweek*, April 14, 1952.
195. Hook, pp. 464-465.
196. Quoted in USA, 81st Congress 1st Session, House Document No. 154-Part 2, *The Strategy and Tactics of World Communism*, Supplement III, B (Washington, 1949), p. 23.
197. *Ibid.*
198. *Harper's Magazine*, April 1944, p. 415.
199. See note 196 (p. 25).
200. *New Leader*, September 17, 1949.
201. *Ibid.*, February 11, 1952.
202. *Time*, December 10, 1951.
203. *Life*, March 31, 1952, p. 60.

Will America Prove Marx Right?

By PETER VIERECK

Not magnitude, not lavishness,
But Form—the site;
Not innovating wilfulness,
But reverence for the Archetype. . . .

The spider in the laurel spins,
The weed exiles the flower:
And, flung to kiln, Apollo's bust
Makes lime for Mammon's tower.

——Herman Melville, great American conservative, on traditional values versus the nihilistic materialism of Economic Man.

THE DISCREDITING of the Soviet fraud has made it a lot easier for intellectuals to become American traditionalists without being howled down as "reactionaries," "flag wavers," or "fascists." Recognition of the blood-stained nature of the Soviet banner makes it seem less deliciously clever to trample on the American banner at every possible occasion. This swing from the outworn poses of revolt is releasing a burst of creative new thinking: an idealistic new conservatism.

But the same change brings new dangers as well as new blessings. In time the new traditionalism may degenerate into a new whitewash of pretentious philosophy for what has always been unpretentious: the old robber-baronism of public-be-damned. At least those endearingly unshaved and candid old pirates did not try to be smoothie "philosophers" of "conservatism." Genuine giants of our dinosaur era of chaotic expansion, like crusty Commodore Vanderbilt, swashbuckling Dan Drew carelessly trailing seminaries and suicides, or old J. P. Morgan, would have puffed their black cigars scornfully at such fancy nonsense.

The present essay is taken from a book *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals* to be published this fall by Beacon Press. PETER VIERECK's last appearance in the *Review* was his controversial "Liberals and Conservatives, 1789-1951" (Winter, 1951).

If this whitewash takes place, then the American flag, rightly saved from the muddy boots of fellow-traveler liberals, might be saved in vain. Or is it a patriotic triumph if the dawn's early glare reveals our flag progressing from being a door mat to being a fig leaf?

Such patriots, reaping unjustified fruits from our justified revulsion against communism, now have their grand opportunity. They can now suddenly seem the Great Oaks of the American Dream instead of the parasitic vines. History itself seems beckoning us toward their comforting shade, those stalwart "uncommunistic" pillars both of profit system and of God-fearingness.

But what if there be a contradiction between these two supposedly equal pillars? What if the essence of the patriotic American tradition, along with the tradition of the whole Christian-Hellenic Judaic world, is an awareness of the conflict between our profits and our prophets?

Under various terminologies, in various eras, the contradiction between these alternatives has already been remarked by feudal aristocrats and theologians, by democratic Christian socialists, and by capitalist Tory radicals, but let it here be remarked once more. The average Christian reads the Bible as infrequently as the Marxist reads *Das Kapital*. Otherwise he would note more often that his good book is one long tract against the economic motive, with no more special dispensation for Standard Oil of New Jersey than for Marx:

> Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth, where moth and dust doth corrupt . . . for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. . . . No man can serve two masters . . . ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you: take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?[1]

When the not-so-new conservatives talk vaguely about restoring "one-hundred-per-cent free enterprise" and abolishing "all that New Deal legislation," they may or may not be partly right. That depends on what they mean specifically. Not one of them would think of specifically demanding abolition of such cushionings of the capitalist system as federal deposit insurance, SEC, old age pensions, or the laws (long antedating That Man) against child labor. These laws are accepted almost unanimously by Americans of both parties, including most businessmen.

---

[1]Sermon on the Mount, St. Matthew, Chapter 6.

In fact, the able modern American businessman has a lot more sense than some of his spokesmen. One of his most promising organs is the CED (Committee for Economic Development).

Here is another example of businessmen having better sense and deeper devotion to human rights than those who over-zealously "defend" them. Most businessmen are refusing to back the attempts being made to put pressure against academic freedom by bullying teachers of economics and by tying too many strings to financial gifts. Most business alumni in the best universities well understand academic freedom and intellectual integrity; they are simply not interested in using their power to stifle it, any more than most liberal intellectuals are interested in guillotining businessmen and "expropriating the expropriators." This shows that the undoubted gap between "the business crowd" and "the university crowd" can still be bridged, provided both sides follow the logic of the American situation—instead of drawing false analogies with Europe's 1789 and 1917 traditions of class war.

Despite a truckload of pamphlets in every day's mail, America's right-wing promoters of class war fail to arouse those good-natured burghers of America (Marx's hated "bourgeoisie") whom they are trying to talk into becoming a *Herrenvolk*. This happy fact does not prevent such promoters from causing mischief in certain limited sectors, just as America's left-wing promoters of class war—though failing to arouse the mass response they pant for—can cause mischief under certain conditions in their limited sectors.

The program of unlimited free enterprise and unlimited anti-statism, if taken literally, means again letting little children work to death in factories instead of letting them go to public school. Since no spokesman of free enterprise intends this to happen, he cannot literally or fully intend "restoration of free enterprise" and abolition of government meddling. Therefore, he will help his own cause and will clarify all political debate if he states that he does not mean his program literally and fully but only figuratively and partly. So doing, he will not lose votes to New Dealers; he will show himself to the independent voters as a better fellow than he seemed to be.

He will get accused of me-too-ism. Splendid. In a democracy the alternative to civil war is a solid foundation of me-too-ism behind both major parties. This is to the interest of both of them, of both left and right.

Or do the honorable gentlemen of rhetoric prefer to me-too-ism a convulsion of fanatic civil strife, at a moment when only Moscow would benefit? A responsible anticommunist Republican ought to put first stress on reconciling the inevitable diversities in the anticommunist camp. He should avoid inflaming and inciting against his fellow anticommunists; he should save his flames against the actual communists and neutralists. In the presidency and also in the press, America needs not the divider but the healer.

If this gets called "fake Republicanism"—the creed of such folks as the oldest registered Republican voters of New Hampshire—and if McCarthy and the all too genuine Chicago *Tribune* are the only "real" Republicans in America, then long live "that fake Republican, Eisenhower"! For in that case, almost the entire population of America is "fake" and out of step; then all America is "un-American."

Since no free enterpriser of the out-party would or could abolish federal deposit insurance, SEC, old age pensions, laws against child labor, and the rest, is it not wiser to stop denouncing them unspecifically? Indeed there is no desire to abolish them on the part of our more statesman-like business leaders. The latter are what C. Wright Mills calls—and unnecessarily distrusts as—the "sophisticated conservatives of *Fortune* magazine" in his stimulating book, *The White Collar.*

No New Deal conspiracy was needed to make Americans cushion their capitalism with social security laws. If there was any conspiracy, it was one that occurred nineteen centuries ago in Bethlehem. In our ideals we happen to be a Christian nation, not a nation of capitalist or Marxist materialism.

II

Europe's social democrats, except for untypical traitors like the procommunist Nenni in Italy, are usually democrats first and socialists second. In the same way, American businessmen and British conservatives are usually democrats first and capitalists second. This gives both groups common democratic, anticommunist ideals for which to cooperate, as well as serious disagreement over the extent of statism.

That Europe's various social democrats and labor parties should still mouth their blends of half-understood Hegel and *Vulgarmarxismus* is repellent. It shows the intellectual bankruptcy of the left as a whole. It shows it is time for the left to evolve further away from economic statism and to evolve into a more conservative rediscovery

of noneconomic values. But it does not make our anticommunist allies of the European left the "socialistic twins of communism."

If the mild social reforms of these European anticommunists are too "socialistic" for any American Adam Smith, then so are those of the welfare-minded Tories and arch-conservatives of England. In that case, our American Adam Smith may as well swallow his qualms and be glad to settle for as little so-called socialism as that; the only foreseeable European alternative is more, not less. Or else he may refuse to swallow his qualms. Instead, he has the privilege of cutting off American economic and military aid from all anticommunist European governments, whether conservative, Catholic Christian Democrat, or Social Democrat. Go right ahead; in that case, the American Adam Smith will produce Cain and Abel Smith in Europe, a fratricidal destruction of the free world for Stalin's benefit.

Our relatively nonstatist and individualist system of economics (call it our mixed-economy or our reformed capitalism) is not a goal in itself. It is subjected to the goals of ethics and humanity. The Soviet statist system of economics (call it Stalinist fascism or totalitarian socialism) is the goal in itself. It is unlimited by ethics and humanity. This ethical distinction between the two systems is more important than the economic distinctions. It makes us the hope of the world for millions, including democratic socialists and European trade unionists as well as democratic capitalists. These millions of allies may not share our faith in our American system of economics (owing to their different local and historical circumstances). But they do share our faith in humanity and freedom.

Suppose we now proclaim the profit system as an absolute goal in itself? Suppose we repudiate, as an allegedly "socialistic half-way house towards communism," any limiting of the profit system by demands of ethics and humanity? Such is the program of many groups known as traditionalists. But it never was the American tradition. It was hardly the spirit of Valley Forge. Our Constitution contains no clause exalting the profit system as the only system in our complex, nonsocialist, mixed economy. The apologetics of the William Graham Summer school of capitalism are no old or deep-rooted part of the American tradition, being rather a product of the relatively recent, post-Civil-War gilded age.

On May 17, 1915, Woodrow Wilson formulated one of America's most basic and sacred traditions, which ought to animate conserva-

tives as much as liberals: "The interesting and inspiring thought about America is that she asks nothing for herself except what she has a right to ask for humanity itself." A merely economic "conservatism," sacrificing to short-run profits the American dedication to humanity, drives young people to Marxism and other radical programs by libeling all moderate democratic reforming of capitalism as "Marxist":

> We have plenty of "conservatism" in contemporary America in the sense of defense of the *status quo*, private enterprise, and "constitutionalism." If my experience is typical, teachers receive a ton of such propagandistic print for every ounce of so-called "liberal" literature. It has a common emphasis upon "liberty," but it has—as Reinhold Niebuhr has well said in a trenchant article in *The Yale Review* of March 1951—about the same relationship to classical liberalism as Herbert Hoover's book entitled *The Challenge to Liberty* has to John Stuart Mill's book, *On Liberty*. In this literature, "freedom" has become an ideological façade, behind which a certain type of economic vested interest seeks to preserve its "liberty" against a more broadly based political power; and this type of conservatism is primarily concerned with establishing the stereotype in the public mind that the most effective methods which democracies have developed to refute Marxist prophecies of doom, are themselves a malignant malady of free society. Politically and intellectually incompetent, they even confuse Keynes and Marx, and drive youth to more extreme positions since accommodation and adjustment are precluded. It is characteristic that their position has become so ossified that vigorous intellectual restatements of the economic possibility of using political power to restore competitive controls—such as Henry C. Simon's *Economic Policy for a Free Society* and David McCord Wright's *Democracy and Progress* and *Capitalism*—are rejected as "socialistic," a position that would on further analysis lead to sticking the same label on Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, or Woodrow Wilson.[2]

III

I have faith in American capitalism because I believe its profit system has been sufficiently modified by ethics, or else can be made so, and because I believe it can continue to be revised peacefully, without need of socialism, when it does violate the demands of humanity. Defending it on this basis, we can create faith in our system abroad and at home. Only so can we "frustrate the knavish tricks, confound the politics" of the Kremlin and its Western "neutralists." But if we

---

[2]Gideonse, Harry D., speech on "Education in a Period of National Preparedness"; delivered at the Sixteenth Educational Conference of the American Council on Education, meeting in New York, November 1 and 2, 1951.

adopt the un-American principle of putting profits above humanity, we shall discredit American capitalism and aid Moscow.

Most of us agree on the need of refuting the ideological challenge of Marxism and overcoming the military challenge of the Red army. We differ on how to go about this refutation. If we do it by exalting the profit system over our great American and Christian traditions of humanity and if we do this in the name of "Americanism" and of anti-Marxism, there will be two results, one abroad and one at home. Abroad we will find ourselves fatally without allies, a fate not displeasing to some of the "go-it-alone" isolationists. Secondly, and more ironically, we will at home be *behaving exactly as Marxism says we behave:* namely, putting our capitalist profit motive over all religious, ethical, and cultural ties. By combatting Marxism in the wrong way, we would for the first time in our history become Marxist economic determinists in our behavior.

Can anything happen that would justify Marx even in democratic America? Though he was steeped in enough western humanism to make him far preferable to the Soviet terror, his Hegelianism and Prussian statism produced a doctrinaire pedant whose historical determinism is almost impossible to justify. Here is the unique achievement of our Old Guarders: their triumph would accomplish the dazzling feat of justifying the following passage of Marx and Engels, which our past history has gloriously disproved:

> The bourgeoisie has played an extremely revolutionary role. . . . It has destroyed all feudal, patriarchal, and idyllic relationships. It has ruthlessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound men to their "natural superiors"; it has left no other bond betwixt man and man but crude self-interest and unfeeling "cash payment." It has drowned religious ecstasy, chivalrous enthusiasm, and humdrum sentimentalism in the ice-water of selfish calculation. It has degraded personal dignity to the level of exchange value; and in place of countless dearly-bought chartered freedoms, it has set up one solitary unscrupulous freedom—freedom of trade.

The triumph of cash-nexus thinking in America would sacrifice everything that artistic magic and psychological science have learned since the psychologically unenlightened "enlightenment" of the eighteenth century, the unimaginative economic physiocrats and the too narrowly rational rationalists. This New Shallowness would shut our eyes again to the fact that man is a human being; that is to say, he needs organic social unities transcending profit motives, wage motives, and the incomplete freedom of free enterprise.

Capitalism is not a religion nor, when separated from Christian ethics, a humanly acceptable credo or way of life. The current ambitious attempt to make it one is being incorrectly denounced as "fascism" by New Deal liberals and incorrectly hailed as "free individualism" by Republican conservatives. It is neither. It is a return to that Sahara of inhuman aridity: the belief in Economic Man. It is a return to the incomplete liberties—merely top-of-the-iceberg—of private economic liberty. It ignores the nine-tenths of human liberties beneath the top of the brain: the nine-tenths of imagination and art and religion.

After the deeper, post-eighteenth-century insights into how society really holds together (de Tocqueville, Coleridge, Leo XIII, Dostoyevsky, Freud), the new stress on property rights and profit motive is such a bore that it becomes downright exciting. Nothing is more "sensational" for the public than dullness squared, followed by exclamation marks. Hence, the fuss stirred up by all the neo-capitalist books and articles. Some are scholarly and able. Some are demagogic. But all are parching our needed conservatism into a new Sahara.

Fortunately American capitalism and American capitalists are better than that. It is a slander to indict the Double-Breasted Business Suit politically, by equating it with the fascist or imperialist uniform, as do so many distrustful leftist intellectuals. Aesthetically the business suit may still be harmful to our culture, in the sense that all exaggerated utilitarian attitudes are. And never dismiss aesthetic considerations as minor. But politically the expert in the business suit is indispensable to freedom. He was indispensable in the war against fascism and is again indispensable in the cold war against communism. Both are also production-wars. Fascism was defeated in World War II by the industrial production-miracles of that capitalism which, according to the Marxists, fights only on fascism's side.

Despite our valid cultural criticisms, American capitalism is an amply justified necessity. Not for its own sake but for freedom's sake. Its productivity, with its two consequences of high living-standards at home and defense against aggressors abroad, is of service to freedom. That's justification enough, and let's leave it at that. Let us not make a *mystique* of the business suit as self-justified, as more than serviceable, or as incarnating innate "American" values superior to the rest of the American community.

The American capitalist is morally entitled to derive material

profits from freedom because of his usefulness to freedom. But never because of any automatic divine laws of Adam Smith. Never because his free enterprise is the only kind of freedom. What is merely useful, rather than innately good, must never be regarded as sacred, beyond criticism, beyond future change.

Once again today, the whole free world depends on the production and skills of the American capitalist. This gives him a good case for arguing that he needs relief from taxes and needs increased "incentives." A good case but not a unique case. The skilled laborers of the trade unions and of the farms are also needed and also require incentives (wages, price controls, subsidies). That line of reasoning, by motivating only through financial "incentives," will soon have everybody clamoring equally in a war of all against all.

The most important nexus, holding together a free society, is not cash but free ideals. Saving our skins and our liberties, first from the Nazis and now from the Soviets, should be an "incentive" more basic than either war profits or war wages. Freedom, like beauty, is first of all its own excuse for being. And then, if it is real freedom and not just paper freedom, all the rest—all the indispensable economic gains —follow after.

In order to create a cooperation of all with all, America needs more understanding of the Soviet threat, of our stake overseas, and of that sweetness of liberty which (as Matteoti said before his murder by Mussolini) no nation appreciates till the noose is round its neck.

A Neglected Masterpiece: *Olympian Spring*

By GILBERT HIGHET

ONE OF THE GRANDEST POETS of our century was given the Nobel Prize in 1919. But very few outside his own small country knew who he was, and his work is still far less widely read than it deserves to be. He is the Swiss poet Carl Spitteler (1845-1924), who gave many years of his life to writing two strange mystical epic tales, *Prometheus the Sufferer* and *Olympian Spring*. After re-reading the second of these, I felt that other lovers of poetry might be grateful for a description of it as an introduction to Spitteler's work.

Olympian Spring,[1] written between 1900 and 1906, is an epic about the establishment of the rule of the gods over the world. They are the beings whom we know by their Greek names—Zeus, Aphrodite, Apollo and Artemis, Hermes and Pallas and Poseidon—and who appear in so many European poems from Homer to Keats. In many fundamentals the gods of Spitteler's poem retain their traditional personalities: Zeus is the ruler, Pallas personifies reason, Aphrodite is the goddess of love and charm. But the story Spitteler tells of them and the adventures which he invents for them are either quite new or else basically altered from the Greek myths; and he has changed their relation to the other forces of the universe, even to mankind. Since all myths contain symbolic meanings, the result of Spitteler's changes is that he has used these traditional figures to carry and to make more vivid his own personal vision of life.

---

[1]Quotations are given by pages of the standard edition, Artemis, Zürich, 1945-50. The poem has not been translated into English: it would be an attractive job.

Student and teacher of the classics, satirist, author of the distinguished *The Art of Teaching* (Knopf, 1950), GILBERT HIGHET is now Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia University. This month he becomes literary critic for *Harper's* magazine.

Before studying these inner meanings, let us look at the outward form of the poem. It is a very ambitious work. An epic on such a theme must be large, rich, and spacious. It fills over six hundred pages, some 20,000 lines, divided into five main sections and each of these again into three or four or more shorter episodes. It is in rhyming couplets, but instead of the usual five-beat measure, Spitteler has chosen a strong swinging six-beat pattern which allows him more scope for his powerful rhetoric and for the big compound words into which he packs so much imagery.

The language is Swiss German. Not pure German, because it contains many dialect words and ejaculations, used for effects of simplicity and gaiety: for instance, the happy craftsman Hyphaistos cries out:

Juchhe! How rich the world can be! Juchheissaheiss![2]

Not only Swiss dialect words, but many German slang words and phrases (usually with a strong working-class flavor) are introduced in lighter descriptions or in conversations: for instance, the angry gods tell Ores not to interfere in an argument but to "keep his own nose clean," and the noise of a big banquet is summed up as "tiddlediddledum and brouhaha."[3] These are not isolated examples. Sometimes long passages of satire (comparable to Milton's description of limbo or the naughtier parts of Ariosto) are filled with words and cries and turns of phrase which are not only coarse but downright vulgar. This will strike some readers as being one of the most serious faults in the poem. Often the gods do not sound like gods at all, not even like noble men and beautiful women, but like drunken farmers and quarrelling fishwives. When a god curses or a goddess storms, even their anger should be noble.

On the other hand, there are many passages of purely poetic description which are broken by no such error of taste. Spitteler was Swiss and lived most of his life in Switzerland. His imagery, therefore, has the bright and super-childlike clarity of Swiss landscapes, and often shares the grandeur of the Alps. His figures cannot be called heavy or clumsy. Often they sound as interesting as the new chords used by Debussy or Strauss, and especially when two or three come together they make his imagery and his atmosphere brilliantly clear. Thus he

---

[2] 369.

[3] 245 and 556.

can describe a thick and violent thunderstorm in the two words "storm-clouds heavenhightowering," or speak of dancing water as "fountain-eddywhirls," a word full of delicate liquid consonants.[4]

Another essential of poetry is at his command—rhetorical variety. The difficulty of writing any long book, but particularly a long poem in the epic manner, is that one tends to fall into unconscious repetitions of sentence-structure, to build all one's paragraphs along similar lines, to succeed one bald statement with another bald statement and another bald statement, to find favorite rhythms which will jog along comfortably to the end, and thus to betray something like an ineradicable poverty of thought. Spitteler avoids this with ease. He is an eloquent poet. What he is going to say at the foot of any page, although it follows logically and imaginatively, cannot be guessed from what he says at the top of the same page. He shifts his point of view, carrying the reader with him: sometimes to stand beside the gods and watch their conflicts, feel their angry gestures and hear their violent words, sometimes far above until we hear the little clouds talking to one another in the sky. He is careful to avoid the monotonous succession of sentences describing simple actions, which lulls the reader to sleep. Instead, he varies action with conversation, he describes objectively or he asks the reader for comment, he laughs with surprise or shouts with horror as the story develops. Within a single page he will put two sentences and an ejaculation into one line, and run a single sentence down through four big couplets.[5] It is this gift of eloquence which again and again reassures us, when we are bewildered by the strangeness of Spitteler's myths or half-shocked, half-bedazzled by the cruelty of his mysticism, that he is not a woolly eccentric but a man who has thought long, seriously, and in the end successfully about the highest problems.

For his thought is very strange. Even the story he tells is strange. No one who knows the Greek myths could bear to read six hundred pages which merely told them all over again. What Spitteler does is to take their outline—the tale that Zeus and the other gods displaced the older dynasty of Kronos and ruled the world from Mount Olympus, not without frequent rivalries and even quarrels—and to rewrite it with radically altered emphases, with many new adventures and

---

[4] 281 and 334.
[5] 337.

motivations, and with a strangely enlarged view of the universe as background. We do not meet the Olympians first as divine children. Zeus is not born on Crete, nor concealed from his cannibal father by cymbal-clashing priests. Pallas does not spring fully-armed from his head after he becomes king. Aphrodite is not born of the foam. No, they are immortals, and so they are never born. We first see them lying in the underworld, sleeping a sleep which seems to have had no beginning. Like veins of gold a thousand miles deep in the earth, they could slumber unseen in the dark forever. But their time has come. The prince of the underworld awakens them, sets them free, guides them out of the rain-soaked gloom of hell, and sends them on their way up to Mount Olympus. It is only slowly that they begin to talk to one another; and at first they have no names or personalities, they are scarcely even male and female, but embryos, bewildered and frightened and weak.

As they slowly climb the mountain, they hear steps, voices, the noise of a crowd. It is the dethroned Kronos with his court, riding down to the underworld where he is to sleep a deathlike sleep, perhaps forevermore. At sight of his successors, he roars out in rage, calls on his own deities, and spurs back up the mountainside to reconquer his kingdom. But his time is past; he cannot reverse the laws of destiny; nature rises up against him, the very rocks and trees revolt, the earthquake throws his gods back down the hill and at last he himself, like a fir felled on the mountainside, is hurled downwards helplessly, to disappear into the chasms beneath and leave only "a belated echo" of his fall.[6]

These gods, it seems, are not the only gods. There are other divinities, whom we meet as the poem grows. There is Uranos, the god of Heaven, who rules calmly and happily all day, with his seven lovely daughters, in a castle high in the clouds; but who disappears below in the darkness each night, to fight the strong, cruel, and stupid monsters of the underworld which are constantly threatening to destroy the peace of Heaven. And other deities and spirits inhabit earth and sky. The realm of the newcomers is apparently to be the world of mankind as we know it, with the mountain-and-cloud palace of Olympus above it as their stronghold. But they were called into life, and their actions are constantly watched, by a much higher god. He is, it seems,

---

[6] 46.

eternally dominant. His powers are questioned and sometimes attacked, but never overthrown. He is loved by none, and feared by all, and obeyed. He is Ananke, Necessity. Spitteler calls him "the ruler who is ruled" or "the force that is forced," *der gezwungene Zwang*, for none can escape Necessity, not even himself. And he is cruel. He watches the gods and men to discover and punish the least transgression of the eternal order; he enjoys breaking up a festival where men and gods revel together and for a moment try to forget duty and mortality; his "yellow tiger-eyes" pierce into every secret, and his servant is cruel Moira, Fate.[7] Once, even, a young hero roused mankind to revolt against Ananke, stormed his castle, and made him take flight; but he escaped into the gigantic Machine which moves on forever in the secret places of the universe, against whose iron breast and fiery armor all rebellion is useless.[8] The revolt was broken, and the Machine rolled on forever over the tiny wormlike bodies of mankind. In one of the finest passages of the poem, towards its end, Zeus gazes out upon the stars, from the balcony of his palace one night. And a sudden gust of wind blows the stars aside like a curtain. Behind them, in the heart of the universe, he sees what their glitter usually conceals: he sees the "mill of the worlds" moving relentlessly round and round, trodden by "Ananke's angry giant-feet," pouring out suns which clash and destroy one another, with now and then a frail fragment of life after which Ananke savagely hounds his attendant, Death. Then the pretty curtain of stars closes once again.[9]

Under Ananke, then, the Olympians are given the world to rule. It seems to have a ruler already. Hera, the Amazon queen (not a goddess as in Homer, but a proud and bitter mortal woman), reigns over mankind with her warrior-maidens. She will give herself only to the god who proves best in competing for her hand and for the mastership of the earth. And here again the story is changed, it is given deeper meanings. Apollo, Hermes, Poseidon, and other deities, who have now learned to use their own names and are beginning to realize their powers, vie with each other in feats of strength and displays of wisdom. Zeus, after one defeat, plays little part in them. But, as he walks alone in meditation through the forest outside Hera's

---

[7] 111.
[8] 536-8.
[9] 552-53.

palace, he meets a spirit stronger than himself. It is Gorgo, who like her master Ananke is both cruel and powerful. Loathsome as she is, Zeus becomes her lover, and she shows him how to enter Hera's castle and seize the monarchy. The other gods protest bitterly, and even threaten revolt, but it is useless:

The ruler's first of virtues is to hold the rule.[10]

Appolo, the bright spirit of wisdom and beauty, ought to have become master of the world; but fate prefers to give power to someone more cruel and treacherous, and Hera, who is cruel and treacherous herself because she is a woman, kneels to Zeus, accepting him as lord and master.

After this conflict, there is peace for a time. The gods know now who they are and what they can do. Through the world they wander, each on a quest of his own for adventure and fulfilment. Their journeys are told in the third section of the poem, *The High Time*. Each episode is independent: some, like Poseidon's attempt to do the impossible, are broadly comic; others, like Apollo's conquest of the outer air, are loftily heroic. It is here chiefly that we see the results of Spitteler's admiration for Ariosto, for the gods setting out on their quests closely resemble Ariosto's knights wandering through the world of magic, love, and fable.

But the adventures become too gay, too careless. The gods—particularly the lovely feather-witted Aphrodite—have too much fun. Also, just as slowly and almost imperceptibly as, at the beginning, the new divinities came to knowledge of themselves and their identities, the needs of mankind loom larger and larger as the adventures proceed. At first men merely watch with admiration as the gods cut their capers. Then gradually they protest. Sometimes they suffer; sometimes they object violently. Aphrodite scandalizes a whole town, and is almost hunted out of it like a witch. And now, when Zeus proposes to hold a great festival at which she is to be the star, Ananke calls "Halt!" He drowns out the feast in torrents of rain (as a lover of the mountains, Spitteler loathes clouds and rain; his underworld is not hot and smoky, but cold and clouded with ever-drifting rain), cools the spirits of the gods and nearly abolishes mankind in stormy floods. Zeus regains a sense of his responsibilities. He thinks of the human race. He sees their sorrows. He almost loves them. But he is disgusted with their lies and

---

[10] 234.

insincerity. He offers them a giant ape under the name of Zeus, and see, they worship it. At this he is furious—all the more when he himself, on a journey through the earth, is arrested, imprisoned, and threatened with death for failing to worship the false god. He determines then to obliterate mankind, and directs the Furies to load the high mountains with lightning and the seeds of thunder, which will at last explode and bury the lying race under avalanches of rock. The gods intercede. He refuses to listen. The catastrophe is ready, when Gorgo, the fateful spirit who gave him the rule of the earth, reappears, forces him to his knees, threatens to depose him utterly if he does not prove worthy of his kingship, and breaks his will. Now at last he has learned some wisdom. Yet he was not wholly wrong. Mankind still lies and cheats. To enable him to learn the truth, and to teach mortals themselves the truth, he creates the heroic mortal Heracles, and (in spite of Hera's ill will) sends him down to save the race of man.

So the poem ends, in a reversal of its opening. At first the new gods made their way up from beneath to the heights of Olympus. Now at last a new hero sent by the king of gods makes his way down from Olympus towards the earth. At first the gods thought only of play and the exercise of their own powers. Now they and their apostle think of the hard work of helping humanity. Nothing else has changed. Ananke is still the cruel tyrant of the universe. Death is still one of his favored helpers. Men are still weak and foolish. But the gods have grown up, and a redeemer has sprung from their new wisdom.

Like all good allegories, *Olympian Spring* has many meanings. It would scarcely be worth reading, despite its power, if it merely explained a single theory of the world through the gestures of a set of personifications. But the rise of the gods can be taken to symbolize many processes which we know, and it will help us to understand them better. It is like the growth of the human spirit, from helpless speechless childhood through energetic and careless youth, and then, through conflict, suffering, and the grudging acceptance of necessity, into maturity. Or again, it is like the appearance in history of a nation or a creed, starting from nothing except the darkness in which primitive forces lie asleep, then spreading out into a hundred manifestations of strength and beauty until at last it settles down—sometimes into cruel selfishness, sometimes, with better guidance, into self-forgetful-

ness and work for the redemption of others. It is an allegory of the progress of reason, or of the growth of civilization, or of the course of history: these, and many other things. It is a wise poem.

The artist who stands closest to Spitteler is probably Richard Strauss. There are some remarkable coincidences between their works. Strauss's *Alpine Symphony* sounds like the music for the first section of Spitteler's epic; his *Hero's Life* is closely paralleled in the bitter episode where the Flatfootfolk create, out of sewer-gas, a rival Sun to displace the sun of Apollo from heaven; *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and *Death and Transfiguration* have much of Spitteler's lofty mysticism; the humor and variety of the High Time reappear in *Tyl Ulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* and in *Don Quixote*; the fiendish cruelty of *Salome* and *Electra* would not be strange to the creator of Moira and Gorgo. Even in their faults they are similar, for the vulgarity of Strauss's *Domestic Symphony* can be paralleled from some passages in *Olympian Spring*, for instance, the humiliation of Aphrodite. And in their technique it is easy to see resemblances: both love strange-sounding compounds, new chords, echoes of the myriad sounds of nature (Strauss makes clarinets bleat like sheep, Spitteler makes words croak like frogs and scream like eagles), and unexpected changes of rhythm. The Swiss are fond of comparing Spitteler to the mystical artist Böcklin, and indeed some of his grand evocations of the spirits of wild nature do resemble Böcklin's pictures in their majestic breadth of vision. But he moves much more, his thought is more active, his characters do not rest, but struggle and suffer with superhuman energy. Böcklin takes us into a world of contemplation, Spitteler into a world of action. Even in the first words of each new episode, the sensitive reader can hear the pulse of a forthright courage recalling the opening themes of Strauss's *Don Juan* and *Hero's Life*.

His thought would seem completely individual, if it were not strangely paralleled by another writer who was an exact contemporary of his. This was Friedrich Nietzsche. The two men worked quite independently, and did not study each other's books. Once Spitteler wrote a review of Nietzsche, and Nietzsche retorted with a typical snarl; but they never met, and did not mold each other's ideas. Yet both preached a pessimism derived from Greece, and used comparable symbols to make it clear (for instance, Apollo struggling with the subhuman forces of unreason). Both believed that life, although beautiful at times, was fundamentally bad and cruel. Both, apparently, thought

the ordinary man was helpless and pitiful or contemptible, fit only to be ruled or redeemed by heroes. And both, it should be mentioned, had a profound distrust of women: recognizing the irresistible power of woman's beauty, they hated woman for her treachery and cruelty, perhaps despised her for her weakness. But Nietzsche was a smaller, shriller man than Spitteler, and he insisted on this more savagely, with something of that imbalance which was at last to ruin him. It would seem that both Spitteler and Nietzsche drew much of their thought from Jacob Burckhardt, who in turn had partly derived it from Schopenhauer and partly worked it out in his own meditations on the meaning of art and history. When Nietzsche's mind finally failed, he asked to be taken back to two people: Cosima Wagner, whom he loved, and Burckhardt, who had taught him some wisdom.

But it would be unfair to criticize Spitteler's thought without considering his other great work, *Prometheus the Sufferer*; and it would be wrong to suggest that most of it was derived from any other thinker. He himself had thought hard and long before reaching his mystical philosophy: at first while he was studying for the Christian ministry, then when he was resolving to abandon it, and then during the eight years he spent as a tutor in Russia. He continued to think throughout his life, with something of the slowness and the irresistible power of his own mountains and glaciers. The chief merit of *Olympian Spring* is a very rare and great one: like an Alpine landscape, it not only feeds our imagination but raises our thought to a new level above the noise and dust of the workaday world.

A STORY

Alabama Boy

By PEGGY MANN

Jud took up his palette knife and scraped his colors together. "I guess you can go now," he said to the girl. But she still sat, her elbows resting on her knees, her bare heels caught in a rung of the wooden chair. He had posed her like that.

Behind her the drapes were pulled back from the windows where a view of the Paris evening hung framed like a gray watercolor wash. He looked down across Place St. Michel, and the lights came on. It gave him a melancholy feel, lights coming on through the dusk.

"It's getting too dark," he said to the girl. "I can't paint any more. You can go if you like."

She sat up straight and stretched, and her breasts swelled under the tight pink slip. He looked, and then did not watch her as she stretched herself. He slapped the gray clot of paint into a dirty rag.

The girl came over and stood beside him, studying the painting.

"Why don't you put the rest of your clothes on," Jud said. "You'll get cold."

He had wanted to paint her in a pink cotton slip, and, when she was his model, he tried to see only the shapes of colors, and how the light fell, molding forms. But when she stood by him like that, she seemed half naked in her slip and bare feet; not a model any longer, and he felt uneasy.

"Why have you got me so dark?" she said. "Why do you paint my hair black, when it's only light brown?"

Jud shrugged. "I felt it that way."

"Why?" the girl said. "Because you want me to be a Negro too?"

"What?" Jud said.

"If I was a Negro too, then it would be all right, wouldn't it?"

Peggy Mann published her first short story in *Charm* at 19 while she was still an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin. She has visited Europe three times —on sales, principally of fiction, made to magazines, radio and newspapers.

He poured the cup of dirty turpentine over his hands, and wiped at the paint stains with the damp piece of rag. "What would be all right?" he said finally.

"Your liking me."

"Who said I liked you? Who ever said that?"

The girl shrugged. "Do you like the painting?" she asked him.

He didn't. In the nights he sat staring at it under the electric light. He couldn't get a likeness. But it wasn't a likeness he was after. He couldn't get the feel of the girl. He wanted simply a white girl sitting in her slip in the barebacked chair. He wanted to get that lonely and sad feel; and to show that white girls felt that way too. But instead he was painting her soft, looking pleased, and he was painting her brown.

"No," he told her. "I don't like it. Maybe you're the wrong kind of model. When I saw you pose up at school I thought you were the kind of model I wanted for this picture I had in my head. But here in the room, you don't seem the same any more."

The girl was pulling on her stockings, fastening the tops to a garter belt. "How do I seem then?" she asked him.

He shrugged. "I guess I can't get this painting," he said. "Maybe I'll try it some other time. With some other model."

She knelt to tie her crepe-soled shoes, and when she looked up at him he was surprised. The feel he wanted for his painting was suddenly there now, in her face.

"You mean I should go away?" she said. "You're not going to paint me any more?"

He turned from her, and went to the sink. "I'll pay you for the week. I told you I'd want you to sit for a week, so I'll pay you." He ran the water hard, and scrubbed with the nailbrush to get the turpentine smell off his hands.

She came and stood beside him, and Jud watched her in the mirror. Her skin looked very white in the gathering dusk of the room. Her large eyes and mouth were darkening shapes. Her browny fine hair hung straight to her shoulders. Maybe she wasn't even pretty, but it seemed that all he wanted was to keep looking at her face, and the soft way of her body. The week she came to model at the school, he had not done much painting; had mostly sat studying out her body

and her face. Then when he asked her to pose for him in his room, he had felt afraid.

The girl was standing close beside him. He looked down into the wash basin, rinsing his hands. It was crazy, the whole thing. Thinking he had to paint her alone in the room like this. Thinking it would be his masterpiece, and he had to take her off the wooden platform in the crowded *atalier*. Thinking he had to have her alone in the room to concentrate. It was crazy. He was glad he had decided to junk the painting.

"I wish you would finish the picture," the girl said. "I'd like you to show it to my father."

He raised his head quickly. "Your father? What do you want me to show it to him for?"

"He's an artist too. He'd like to see your painting. It's very good."

Jud laughed. He watched his face in the mirror, laughing. "Sure. I'll go up to your father and say, 'Look, sir, here's a picture of your girl, Mary. She's been posing for me all week. Sure, like this, sir. In her pink slip.' "

The girl stepped into her skirt and fastened the hooks at the side. "He already knows I'm posing for you," she said. "He told me he'd like to see the painting."

Jud began to scrub at his hands again with the nailbrush. "Well, show it to him! Take the picture home and show it to him. Give it to him! I don't want it."

The girl was pushing back the cuticles at her fingernails. She did that sometimes, pushed back at her fingernails, nervously. "Usually he doesn't like me to pose alone," she said. "He wants me only to pose at the art schools. Or for his friends. But I told him about you."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him about you," the girl repeated. "And I showed him your picture. The snapshot I took by the Seine. He said you were a good looking boy."

Jud dried his hands, and started to straighten his tie in the mirror. Her Dad had never said such a thing. What kind of a Dad would say such a thing like that? She was lying to him. He pulled his tie straight and tight around his neck.

"Would you like to come up to dinner some time?" the girl said. "Would you like to meet my father?"

He laughed shortly. Then he crossed to the wardrobe closet and took out his jacket and wound his muffler about his neck. "Geez!" he said. "You got a lot to learn. When did you say you left the States?"

"When I was five."

"Well," he said, "In some ways, you're still five. But your father, he didn't leave the States when he was five!"

"My father's not like that," she said. "He's been living in Paris for fourteen years, and it's not like that here."

Jud took his doorkey from the top of the marble-topped mantlepiece. "I never heard of a place yet," he said, "where they didn't start asking within ten minutes, 'Would you like your daughter to marry one?' "

She put on her coat too, and that crazy woollen stocking cap she wore. "I only asked you up for dinner," she told him. "Nobody's talking about marrying anyone. Don't be dumb."

He didn't sleep much the night before he went to her place for dinner. He didn't think any special kind of thoughts. Not scared or anything. In fact, he felt in some way pleased about it, and smiled sometimes there in the dark. It wasn't any kind of worry thing that kept him awake. It was just he couldn't sleep.

Then, in the day, he was busy. Or he made himself busy. He got to school early, set up his easel, and began work on an old canvas. The *atalier* was empty, with only Lucius, the janitor, there, stoking the coal stove; Lucius, like a gray gnome, always covered lightly with coal dust.

Students began to wander in, but still the room was silent. Only the sound of chairs scraping, the heavy door opening, closing. In the early morning no one talked much. Stanley Kagen pushed through the door, and waved to Jud; then sat on the top tier of the benches which lined the back of the room. A skinny bearded Frenchman was leaning against the sink, sketching on a small pad. He kept coughing.

The model came in. She hung her coat on the hook, and then sat by the stove, knitting, and waiting for it to be nine o'clock. Jud studied her. He made a couple of quick impressions. When he worked, he didn't think about the dinner that night.

The model wore a pink woollen sweater and a pleated brown skirt, too short. Her shoes had crooked heels. Her legs were bare. Not much of a woman any longer. A used-up body, covered with some clothes.

Elephant's graveyard. Stanley Kagen called the *Grande Chaumiere* an elephant's graveyard. "Where all the old models return to die," Stanley Kagen said. They started out at the school young, like Mary. Then they went off to live with some artist. And after a while, after years, they returned to the *Grande Chaumiere*, unwanted and coming old.

He shaded heavily, blending the charcoal in with his fingertips, trying not to think of the girl, Mary.

When the clock on the wall reached nine, the model yawned. She put away her knitting and started to undress. Underneath she wore a gray chemise. She had loose hanging underpants, and when she took them off and stood nude, the elastic had left a faint pink rim around her belly. She slipped out of her shoes. Her toenails were painted, and the soles of her feet were yellow with heavy callouses. She took her pose, resting languorously against the table. In the background an old iron stovepipe jutted up against the dirty white ceiling.

Jud sketched intently, all his mind and all his thoughts going into the hard sure strokes of charcoal on the rough white paper. The clock on the wall ticked nervously through the stillness.

At lunchtime he went alone to Wadjo's and found a seat at one of the long oilcloth-covered tables. He liked the noise and the pushing; he could hide in it, unnoticed. As he ate his soup, he watched Wadjo slamming down silverware, carrying plates, shrieking across the room at her customers, laughing shrilly. Horn-rimmed glasses protruded from the red woollen rag wound round her head. She scuttled about the room like a crazy woman.

Jud watched her with his outside eyes; but inside he was far away with the girl and her father, having dinner at their home.

Then Stanley Kagen climbed over the bench and slid in behind him. "This place is like eating in a subway rush hour," Stanley said.

Jud shoved over on the seat.

He wanted to talk to the white boy about Mary. Stanley would tell him that it was all right. He wanted the reassurance of the white boy. He traced a flower pattern in the table oilcloth, traced it heavily with the prongs of his fork. And then he said, carelessly, "You know that model, that Mary. She invited me up for dinner tonight. Up to her house. To meet her father."

"What do you want to meet her father for?" Stanley said.

Jud shrugged and began eating his soup again. "I don't," he said. "Don't want to meet him. It was her idea."

Stanley Kagen sprinkled salt on his bread. "You been hanging around with her a lot?"

"She's a crazy kid," Jud said. "She tags after me. When she models at school she tags after me so when class is over I got to take her out for lunch."

"Do you like her?" Stanley said.

"She's okay, I guess. Yeah," he shrugged. "She's a good kid."

Stanley didn't say anything. They started talking about a new show which had opened on Rue de Seine, and the student who was going cockeyed trying to copy Matisse with one hand and Picasso with the other.

But then, out of nothing, Jud said, "You think I'm crazy? Going up there for dinner, I mean?"

Stanley shrugged. "Why not? We're in Paris, so what the hell. Anything goes in Paris."

Jud looked up quickly. "Yeah," he said. "Sure."

People kept bumping into his elbow as he tried to eat his soup. But he wasn't hungry any more, and didn't want any more soup or anything. Finally he said he guessed he'd be shoving off and he made his way out of the crowded restaurant into the open street.

In the afternoon he went to Samaritain's and bought a white shirt. He had saved the money special. 2000 francs. Enough for a fine white shirt. But when he came to buying it, he didn't much care any more. It looked good on him. It was a good shirt. But he didn't much care.

Then he went, the way he had planned it, to the public baths on Rue de Buci. In the courtyard there was a sidewalk booth where a young girl sold sweaters and socks, underwear, and brightly colored handkerchiefs.. He turned through the handkerchiefs carefully, selecting colors he thought would please Mary.

"*Pour un cadeau*," he said to the salesgirl, who smiled, and placed the handkerchiefs in a sheet of newspaper, folding the edges down carefully, like a gift wrapping.

He took up the packet and walked through the cobblestone courtyard, wondering whether he should buy a present also for her father. When a white boy went to be introduced to the father of his girl, did he bring along some cognac, or cigars?

He pushed open the door marked, "*Bains. Douches.*" It was a Thursday afternoon, and the baths were empty. The *baigneuse* was sprawled on the wooden bench reading a movie magazine; but, when she saw him, she scrambled up, and pushed her glasses to the top of her head. "*Savon, Monsieur? Parfum? Brylecreem?*" She unlocked her cabinet and descended upon him with towels and perfumes.

He shoved seventy-five francs over the counter to the cashier. "*Non, merci,*" he said politely to the *baigneuse.* But undaunted, she followed him up the stairs. "You will save money with perfume, *monsieur.* The effect of your bath will last much longer."

"No, thank you," Jud said again. Then he added, in careful English, so that the woman would understand, "Tonight I am going to meet the father of my girl. I think he would not like me smelling of roses." He smiled, but the woman only stared at him blankly. She adjusted the cardboard time-clock outside one of the cubicles, and departed haughtily with her towels and perfumes.

He watched her jouncing down the stairs. Probably she had not understood. Probably she knew only one memorized sentence of English, and had not understood that tonight he was going to visit the father of his girl. He shrugged, and went into the small bath cubicle. The white-tiled floor was marked with smeared shoeprints. He picked several long, black hairs out of the tub, and ran the water.

In the warmth of the steamy bath he grew sleepy, and lay back staring up at the bare electric light bulb, the criss-cross of iron pipes. It was like his dream. White-tiled cell with bars at the ceiling. In his dream he sat in a giant white marble bathtub, the walls so high he could not climb out. He sat scrubbing at his skin with a pumice stone. Soaping and scrubbing at his skin until it became raw. And then, slowly, in patches, the brown began to rub away. The white showed through. It was a dream that repeated through the night.

He stayed in the bath a long time, rubbing himself hard with the brush, soaping and rubbing himself all over. When he climbed out of the warmth of the tub, and started to dress, he shivered. The public baths were unheated.

He was still shivering as he went into the streets.

When he found the house where she lived he was breathing hard. He ran up the stairs two at a time.

The hallway was dark, but on the fourth floor landing he saw her leaning over the railing, waiting for him.

"Hello," she said.

He kept running towards her up the stairs. But he came up the last few steps slow, and ambled over to where she stood.

"I thought maybe you weren't coming," Mary said.

"Sure," he said. "Why shouldn't I come?" He pulled out the packet of handkerchiefs which were wrapped now in specially bought fancy green gift paper. "Here's something for you."

She smiled at him. "You shouldn't have!"

He watched her carefully as she opened the packet, and turned through the six colored handkerchiefs.

"They're lovely," she said. "Aren't they lovely. But you shouldn't have."

"It's nothing," he said.

He noticed she was dressed up. She wore a black sweater and skirt and her hair was curled at the ends. Usually it hung straight. He felt pleased that she had curled her hair. It looked better straight, but he felt pleased that she had curled it for tonight, for him.

"I brought something for your father too," he said. "Cognac."

"Oh, Jud!" she said. "Really you shouldn't have! Not for my father too!" But she smiled at him again. "Come on in."

He followed her into the house. Maybe he shouldn't have brought the presents. The father could think it was crazy, bringing cognac. Coming for supper like Santa Claus!

"This is it," Mary said.

There was a daybed, and a table set for dinner, with a tablecloth and flowers. Thin yellow lamplight spread over one corner of the room. Jud glanced towards the other door. The father would be coming out of that other door.

He felt the palms of his hands sweating. Maybe the father would shake hands with him, and would feel that his palms were sweaty. He stuck his hands in his pockets, and wiped his palms on the lining.

The girl put her handkerchiefs on the sideboard and stood, pushing back the cuticles on her fingernails. "Father was sorry to miss you," she said. "He had to go out."

"What?" Jud said.

"There was some meeting he had to go to. Some political meeting. It was very important. He was sorry to miss you."

"Oh," Jud said.

He took the bottle of cognac out of his pocket. It was also wrapped

in the green gift paper. "Well, I guess you can give him this when he comes home."

She took the cognac and put it on the sideboard. "You sit down now," she said, "and make yourself comfortable. I have to finish the salad."

So he sat on the daybed and studied the floor; the bare floor boards and the strip of frayed green carpet by the daybed. He saw everything clear; how she had arranged it so her father would not have to eat dinner with a colored boy. He sat leaning forward on the daybed, staring down at the floor.

Presently he looked up and watched the girl.

The kitchen was separated from the rest of the room by a painted screen. She stood mixing salad in a wooden bowl, and dusky light from the corner lamp played across her body.

"That's a fine screen," Jud said, trying to keep his voice easy. "Someone paint that screen for you?"

She nodded; and he wondered who the artist was, and how many times he had been to supper in this place.

Then he got up from the bed, and started walking around the studio, peering at the unframed oil paintings on the walls. "This one you?" It was the back of a nude girl. She was bending over drying her hair.

"You got a lot of artist friends," he said. He stood back, studying the paintings, squinting at them, trying to think about the paintings, trying not to feel anything inside. "Some of your friends are pretty good artists," he said. "Some of them are lousy!"

The girl moved towards the table, carrying a casserole dish. "Supper's ready," she said.

He went quickly to hold her chair. Then he took his seat across from her, and opened the small paper napkin in his lap.

"Sure smells good," he said. "Smells like you're a good cook."

But he didn't feel hungry. He wondered what his Ma would say if she saw him now, in a room alone with this white girl, who had cooked for him. And him sitting with his little paper napkin spread out across his knees.

She was busy spooning out the casserole into plates. She seemed embarrassed. Jud smiled at her, trying to help. "Sure smells good," he said again.

He looked down into his plate and he couldn't think of anything else to say, so he began to eat. Then he knew he shouldn't have begun to eat, not until she started. He laid his fork down quickly, and then he was afraid that the gravy on his fork had stained the clean white tablecloth.

Mary got up and went into the kitchen. He watched her, wishing he had never come to her place for dinner at all. What the hell was he here for? To meet the father. But the father was away. It was all arranged that the father should be away.

She came out with a tin bucket, the kind used for scrubbing floors. The bucket was filled with ice, and there was a bottle of champagne sitting in the ice.

"Well!" he said. "Say! Champagne and everything."

"Maybe it's not such good champagne," she said.

"Is your father going to like it, us drinking up all the champagne?"

"It's not his." She handed him the bottle. "It's mine. Will you open it?"

He figured that some man had given her the champagne. Still, she might have saved it. She didn't need to use it up on him.

He opened the bottle, and the soft white foam flowed over the top. Mary held the glasses while he poured. Then he drank his champagne down quickly, like it was soda water. Afterwards he realized he should have first clinked glasses with her. *To you*, he should have said. "*A votre santé.*" He was doing everything wrong. It was lucky the father wasn't there to see him doing everything wrong.

"Jud," the girl said, sipping at her champagne, "Where are you from?"

"Me? Alabama. Alabama boy." He grinned, but his mouth felt stiff, grinning. "Why?" he said.

She shrugged. "I don't know. You never talk about yourself."

"Nothing to talk about," he said.

"Are you over here on the G.I. bill?"

"Yeah," he said, "That's right. On the G.I. bill." He started eating again, but the food was hard to get down and the words were hard to get out, stiff little words, falling between them. Conversation. He couldn't think of anything to say for conversation.

"You were in the army then?" She poured his glass full again with champagne.

So he started telling her about the army. Maybe that was how she got him talking, pouring champagne into him. Or maybe it was just he was trying hard to make conversation. But after a while he found he was telling her crazy things, crazy things to tell a white girl. "Sure," he was telling her, "when we'd come to a new town they'd quarantine us. You know why? So the white boys would have plenty time to wise up the girls. Tell them they'd get arrested if they ever went out with a colored soldier. Because we stole and raped. They even said we had tails. You know, some of the girls went out with us just to see if we really had tails." He began to laugh.

He looked at Mary to see her laugh along with him. But she was only staring down into her plate. He felt disappointed.

"Sure," he said, in a louder voice, trying only to please her, to make her laugh. "It was funny! And another real funny thing was on D day. With everything that was happening on that beach, they still found time to stick up latrine signs over some hole in the ground, *White only*."

"No!" the girl said.

Jud hiccuped. Then he shrugged. "You get used to signs! In Alabama the whole place is stuck all over with signs. In our town they even got a special dog's graveyard with a great big sign. Says, *Dogs: Colored*."

He laughed some more. "Don't you think that's funny?" he said. "A special graveyard for Negro's dogs."

But she wasn't laughing. She was only staring at him, serious. He couldn't seem to make her laugh at all.

Then suddenly he felt suspicious, because why was she so interested in him anyway? Why did she keep asking him questions and filling up his glass with champagne? Why had she asked him up to supper to meet her father when the father wasn't even here? She was some communist maybe, assigned to get propaganda material. As soon as he left she would sit herself down and write all he had told her for some French communist book.

Only, when he looked at her, sitting across from him in the soft light, she didn't look like any communist. She looked too little and soft, and he wanted to hold her.

He felt ashamed that he had told her these things; ashamed that he wanted to hold her.

He lit a cigarette, and drank down the last of the champagne.

Suddenly Mary got up and went to the window. So he got up too and went over and stood by her, stiffly. He didn't know anything more to say. He had said too much already. All the wrong things.

So he just stood by her, looking down into the empty cobblestoned street. It had begun to rain. He saw the drops falling fast against the lamp-post light.

She moved away from him, to the daybed. First she didn't make any sound. Then he heard she was crying.

He went over and stood, looking down at her. Then he knelt and took her face in his hands and raised it, gently. Her eyes were filled up with real crying tears, the kind from deep inside. He knew that kind.

"What are you crying about?" he said.

"I don't know. I don't even know."

She put her arms around his neck. He shut his eyes. She was clinging to him, this girl. His girl. He could almost believe it. But it was crazy. He looked to the floor, confused, wanting to put his head in her lap, wanting her to straighten things. Only how did she know? It was he who had to straighten things. He took her arms from around his neck, gently.

"Do you hate me very much," she said, "because I'm white?"

He looked at her in astonishment. "Hate you," he said. "I don't hate you. I shouldn't have told you all those crazy things."

"Does it make very much difference to you," she said, "that I'm not a colored girl?"

He looked at her, and it felt as though some of the misery so long inside him, were leaking out all over his face. He nodded.

"But I can't help it!" she cried. "I can't help the color of my skin."

He pulled away. She was making fun of him now!

But her arms were around his neck again. "Oh, darling," she said to him, "how they've hurt you. I'd like to kill every one of them. I'd like to kill them."

He was on his knees. Then he raised his head, and he looked at her face, the way the shadows fell, her lips soft. "Hush," he said, "Hush." And, somehow, he was holding her. He felt her tremble. And he was trembling too all inside.

He reached up to the lamp, and pulled the chain. In the dark it was better. There was no color in the dark. Black was white and white was black. It was all the same in the dark.

"Hush," he whispered softly. "Hush, little sweet girl, hush."

Then he heard footsteps on the stairs, and he drew back. But she only held on to him tighter. And she pressed his head against her breast.

"It's not my father," she whispered. "He won't be back until very late. Please don't go away from me, please."

He felt her fingers going over his eyebrows, gently down his cheeks. "I think I love you," she said.

Inside him he drew back. But his head was still there against her breast.

"Darling," she kept whispering. "Darling . . ."

Suddenly then he saw it all clear; there on his knees, with his head against her breast where he could hear her heart beat fast, he saw it all clear. The whole crazy business with this girl. He thought of the *Grande Chaumiere*, the elephant's graveyard, where the models went off with some artist. And then another. Until they returned unwanted, and coming old. He thought of the naked back of the girl in the painting on the wall. How many men had been up to this place of hers? Plenty men. Too many men. And now she was looking for something new. Maybe someone had told her Negroes had tails. . . .

She kept stroking his head. "Do you think you could ever love me at all, just a little?" she said softly. "Maybe here in Paris you could. It would be easier here, Jud. In Paris."

He took her arms from around his neck. He got to his feet, and put on the light. "Would it?" Then he said, "Look, I'm going home."

She was staring at him, as though he had hit her.

Finally she said, very small, "But why?"

He shrugged. "I just got to go home, that's all."

"But it's only nine o'clock."

"I got to go home," he repeated. She looked so little, sitting there on the daybed, her face turned up to him. "I got to go home."

She stood up. "When will I see you again?" Her voice was tight, like she could hardly make the words come out at all.

He shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe at school. Maybe I'll see you around."

"Yes," she said finally, "Maybe I'll see you around."

He crossed to the door. "Well . . . it was a swell supper. Thanks."

She was watching after him. But when his hand was on the door she cried out, "Jud!" And she ran to him. He wanted to hold her. He

wanted to take her and hold her. But he pushed her away, and he ran down the stairs.

"Jud!"

He heard her cry after him.

"Jud!"

But he kept on running down the stairs.

Outside it was raining hard. He was glad for the rain which swept into his face, chilling like tears. He began to run down the street. There was a light at the corner, the blue light of a café sign, and he ran towards it. When he reached the corner he looked back. But the street behind him was empty.

Laughter came from inside the café. Then an accordion started up, hard gay notes dropping into the night, like sound raining. The blue neon lights of the café sign ran wet along the rainy cobblestones. And laughter came from inside the café, jeering. He started to run again.

He did not know the right way. He was only running, down the unlit and narrow sidewalks, turning corners past alleyways, and buildings which leaned in against the streets. He kept running; running, so his own feelings could not catch up to him.

Two policemen crossed the street ahead, their short, wide capes standing out like bat's wings. He stopped short. They would think he was running away from something, some crime. They would come questioning him. They would look at his hands to see whether there was blood. And he looked at his own hands.

He pressed himself against the wall of a building. Pressed himself out of sight, his face against the wet stone wall. He was gasping for breath and he wondered whether he was crying. Like a stranger standing off in the night, he heard the sound, and wondered whether it was the sound of crying. He felt sorry. He felt like comforting the man crying there in the night, his body and face pressed hard against the wet stone wall.

He kept crying, and the stranger in him, away from him, wondered sadly, what he was crying for; felt sorry, not understanding; felt lost, not knowing how to comfort this crying man.

After a while he passed his hand over his face, wiping away tears. He reached through his pocket for a handkerchief. Then he remembered the six colored handkerchiefs he had bought for Mary. How

she had stood in the doorway, looking through them. "They're lovely," she had said. "Aren't they lovely. But you shouldn't have."

He walked on, but he kept hearing her voice in his head. "You shouldn't have. You shouldn't have." He wondered whether she was crying.

And he grew tender, thinking of her crying there, alone in the house. He thought maybe he should go back to comfort her, and hold her.

Sure. And hold her. Hold her, and be hurt. Lay himself open. And be hurt. That was the way. His mother had told him that was always the way. "You're a colored child, Juddie," his mother had said. "Always remember and keep to your place. Don't never try to climb out of your place, and you won't be hurt. It's the onliest way," his mother had said.

He walked on, emptiness blowing up inside his chest. He walked on, crying into the wet night.

When he got back to the hotel, he found the concierge asleep behind her desk. She sat heavily in her chair, like a stuffed corpse. And her dirty white cat sat on the desk before her. The cat watched him with staring green eyes. He suddenly wanted to punch it in its soft belly, watch it sprawl into the air. He hated the cat, and he hated the concierge who sat sleeping.

He tapped with his key on the desk. "*Madame*," he said courteously, "*Madame*."

The woman raised her head, she blinked at him. "*Madame*," he said, "I am moving out tomorrow. If someone comes here asking for me, some girl or someone, will you tell her that I've gone, and you don't know where."

The concierge yawned and pulled her shawl up about her shoulders. "*Entendu, Monsieur*." Then she took the cat into her lap.

As he started up the stairs to his room, Jud heard her crooning a love song to the dirty white cat.

He unlocked the door and stood for a moment in the dark, afraid to go into his room. Then he pressed the light switch.

On the easel was the unfinished portrait of Mary. He stood leaning back against the door, remembering how she had been in this room, sitting on that same wooden chair, wearing her pink slip.

Presently he went over and took the painting off his easel. He leaned it against the sink pipes, its face to the wall. Then he yanked the drapes over the window, and went back to bolt the door.

And he sat on the bed looking around his room with the drapes drawn and the door bolted against the world.

After a while he started to undress. He switched off the light, and climbed in between the cold sheets. Maybe he could fall asleep. That's all he wanted, just to sleep . . . just to try and fall asleep. He lay on his back staring up into the dark of the room.

From Acorns to Atoms

By CLIFFORD SEEBER

THIS IS THE STORY of Oak Ridge, magic city in the wilds of Tennessee—birthplace of the atomic bomb. It is told by one who was born and reared in the middle of Oak Ridge, who hunted rabbits in its old fields, trapped muskrats in its creeks and listened to the music of fox hounds along the tops of its ridges.

The Pre-Atomic Era

Oak Ridge, even in its aboriginal state, was never "a poor, eroded, desolate area, covered with persimmon sprouts, sedge grass and saw briers, inhabited by 'ignorant hill-billies—depraved, intermarrying religious fanatics'," as once described by a modern Dr. Livingston from Boston. Nor was it a "modern garden of Eden—inhabited by people of the purest Anglo-Saxon blood on the face of the earth," as once described by a local Chamber of Commerce. Yet both were partially right; for the fertile valleys of the area produced good crops, good live-stock and "better families"; and the ridges produced scrubby oak and pine, saw briers, sedge grass and "poor whites." A counterpart of Oak Ridge soil and citizenry may be found today both on Beacon Hill and Tobacco Road.

Take the Tunnell family which migrated from Virginia about 1790, who can, geneologically speaking, safely climb (up or down) its family tree to a distinguished French nobleman and a Lady Howard, one of the bluest of the blue bloods in English royalty.

Take the Peaks, Lees and Garners who came early, cabbaged on the best land and for a hundred years lived, economically secure, on the large Valley farms. Culturally they can boast a direct line of descent from Patrick Henry and a close blood relationship to Robert E.

As should be clear from this article, CLIFFORD SEEBER was born and grew up in the Tennessee Valley. He has taught in the rural schools of East Tennessee, is now an Educational Relations Specialist with TVA at Knoxville.

Lee. Earlier contemporaries of the Garner clan included the father of John Nance who migrated to Texas after the Civil War.

Take the Gallahars, who bought up one-thousand five hundred acres of rolling hills and good Clinch River bottoms—and have lived happily thereon, ever since. As to family history, an unbroken string of Gallahars can be traced all the way to the barren moors of North Ireland and the noble house of O'Gallcobair, who were the genii of the landed gentry in that neck of the woods around 950 A.D. Not only that, but the O'Gallcobairs of that day boasted an ancestral line for five generations to old King Callack of Ireland, who ruled during the Seventh century. (Not bad for a hillbilly family).

There were some "unprominent" families of the area also—even some knotty limbs not visibly attached to any family tree. In this last category were two well known characters—Si Hulan and Bill Dad. Si was a prototype of Rip Van Winkle (minus a nagging wife)—who, with his dog and shotgun, made the area his home, sleeping in caves and cooking under the protective foliage of cedar trees. Bill, on the other hand, gravitated to water (except for bathing) and spent his time paddling a canoe up and down Clinch River, fishing, musseling and trapping for muskrats.

Family trees with rougher bark grew on some of the poor hills of the area. They intermarried, crossbred and reproduced in profusion. Their progeny were small knotty fruit, not really bad, not even rotten at the core, but still not of grade-A marketable variety. In their shacks and "dog-trot" cabins they lived a carefree existence, enjoying the noisy sociability of bawling children, barking dogs and loud mountain music from hand-wound phonographs—typical Oak Ridgers, according to Brooklyn blue bloods. You could safely dub them "hillbillies" even to their faces—if you remembered to smile when you said it.

The larger body of Oak Ridge citizenry, however, touched neither the top nor the bottom of the social order. They were just good thrifty Scotch farmers who had migrated via Ireland to the New World. From Pennsylvania they pushed down the valleys of Virginia through mountain gaps to grab some virtually free land in the new far west.

A sprinkling of German emigrants, mistakenly called "Dutch," came in around the turn of the eighteenth century. The leader was old Fredrick Sadler, a wagon maker, who fled Germany to escape the wars of Fredrick the Great. In Pennsylvania he made enough wagons

to carry his seven daughters and seven sons-in-law and his worldly goods into the new west. He settled in a little valley on the north side of Oak Ridge, where to this day the names of Leinart, Spessard, Shinliver and Bumgartner are more common than Smith and Jones.

The point of this historical and geneological discourse is to emphasize the original premise—that the "aboriginal" inhabitants of Oak Ridge were as nearly typical of rural America as can be found anywhere in rural America. They built roads and schools, organized churches, quarreled with neighbors, griped about taxes and worried over the younger generation, just like rural people everywhere—and they were still doing it when Pearl Harbor exploded behind Uncle Sam's back.

John "the Baptist" Hendrix

The first warning of the atomic project at Oak Ridge came in the form of a prophecy by a preacher named John Hendrix. John already had a local reputation as a prophet. Years before he had predicted that the L. & N. Railroad would build a line through Oak Ridge, and sure enough it was built along the exact route envisioned by John. Eventually public interest in this miracle waned. But fortunately for John, a hero in the field of prophecy need not retire.

He began his new prophecy cautiously, wisely and on familiar ground. To a group down at Keys store he announced: "Last night I seed in a dream another new railroad through this here valley; it's gonna branch off the L. & N. at Elza and come right down by Robertsville over by John Pyatt's place and on to Scabrey town."

Week after week he repeated his prophecy to the loafers at the store and up at the crossroads. Gradually it was expanded and embellished: "I seed a city growing up, sudden-like too, right down Black Oak Ridge and all around Robertsville." Young skeptics laughed and older men smiled behind their hands—but they urged him on:

"What else did you see, John?"

"I seed big engines the size of this here store digging ditches and piling dirt as high as the tops of trees—and thousands of people running and shoving one another like they was in a yaller jacket's nest."

Year after year John kept up his predictions. The age of the automobile came and people drove to Clinton and Oliver Springs on Sunday. Fewer loafers gathered at Key's store and the crossroads to while

away Sunday afternoon. John rarely appeared to tell of his "vision," and when he did—it met with open derision by the young blades—when they would even listen to him at all. But the older men who remembered his L and N railroad prediction would listen patiently.

The grim Reaper eventually got old John and most of his contemporaries. By the time of the second world war, his prophecies lived only in the cobwebbed memory of the old old-timers.

Then, in late 1942, came surveyors, engineers and rodmen dressed in khaki, with sun hats and high topped boots. They were taciturn and noncommittal. Only old man Pyatt, a major political figure in the area dared question them seriously: "What are you fellars running these lines for?" he demanded belligerently. He got no better answer than—"Seventy-five cents an hour, by God, that's what I'm running this line for." But the railroad—and the city—which John had "seed" was on its way.

The Invasion Begins

Like swarms of locusts came burly, gruff engineers, stiff-necked army men and natty executives with Boston accents. The engineers cut ditches, drove stakes across cornfields and through barn lots, trampled over late bean patches and cut horrible gashes through the thick sorghum rows. Army officers jammed dusty roads with jeeps, and dull gray army trucks bumped across open fields and undug potato rows.

Then came the terse announcement that the War Department was going to take about 56,000 acres of land for use in the war effort, that owners would be given adequate pay for land and other property, that crop damages would be paid for and "every consideration given the people of the area by the Government." Within two weeks the first notices to vacate were sent out. Some were given thirty days, others six weeks, all were to be out within two months.

There was some weeping among the women, and a few bursts of good old East Tennessee profanity from men; but by-and-large, things moved along smoothly until the appraisers and land-buyers moved in. At this point the cold war grew hot.

The appraisers were nice enough fellows, but many had worked for the Federal Land Bank where their jobs had depended upon keeping appraisals at a minimum. The War Department's instruction not

to *overvalue* property was a little like advising a Scotchman to be thrifty—they took it too seriously.

In making appraisals farm owners were not permitted to go along, to point out fine trees in the woodlot and good corn in the bottoms (or to steer them around red gullies and swamp lands). As thrifty Scotch farmers, they were sorely displeased when not permitted to "dicker" with the Government men over the price of their land.

A general hue and cry went up when evaluations were announced. Some were undoubtedly too low. For example, Dossie Griffith, an aged Negro woman, was offered $75 for her three-roomed shack and eight acres. Admittedly the land was poor and the house ramshackle—but the local storekeeper declared that just three weeks before he had sold Aunt Dossie a new tin roof costing $85.

Bill Brown, a poor white with forty acres (but no mule) was offered $500 for his tract of land. He let out such a howl that the offer was boosted to $1,200 and later to $1,500. The J. B. Jones and Clyde Peak farms originally appraised at $20,000 were later boosted by court order to $35,000 and $45,000 respectively.

Irate citizens, and local politicians bombarded their congressman with complaints. In staunch Republican style on the floor of Congress he thundered his anger at "shockingly low prices set by men who have been appraisers for Federal Land Banks." He carried his fight to the Secretary of Agriculture, the Vice-President and even to the President. In his speechmaking, he coined a phrase which became the battle-cry of all disgruntled natives, "The Secretary of War has assumed the attitude of an invader."

Lo! The Poor Native

Next came more or speeded-up eviction notices—"Please vacate premises within ten days." Few expected actually to move on that short notice, but it made them angry to be asked to do so. And there were little matters of Government red tape:

When a man left the area he had to submit a list of all the things he was carrying out. Either through ignorance or pure cantankerousness, many loaded their household goods on trucks or wagons and started out without the *list*. When stopped by guards, the family head would storm: "Approved list? Hell, this here is my household plun-

der, these here pigs are mine, these kids are mine—when has it got so a man has to make a *list* of his own stuff before he can leave?"

He would then pull out his eviction notice: "I got this here notice ordering me to move out and now you tell me I can't get out!" Usually after a few hours delay, a hastily drawn list would be compiled and approved by the nearest available official. In a few cases, wagons or trucks were returned to their original starting point and unloaded.

One story, which made verbal headlines, told how a farmer named Hatmaker slaughtered his hogs and started out with a load of meat. It took him so long to get his list made out and approved that his meat spoiled.

One native, Walter Garrison, failed to vacate when his deadline arrived, so a bulldozer simply backed up and "charged." When Walter returned that night he discovered a brand new railroad where his vine-covered domicile had been. He stayed one night more, just to prove he was not licked. "I would a stayed longer," he boasted, "but it was too much trouble climbing *up* to the kitchen. Then, too, the trains overhead was noisy."

Short removal notices made it difficult for farmers to carry out all their tools and equipment, and when they left anything of value behind, it was in danger of being carried off by vandals or covered up by bulldozers. Stores within the area were closed, so families had to travel to the "outside" to buy groceries. Once a man left the area, he usually had to argue for hours with the guards to get back in. There always lurked the fear that one day he might lose the argument.

Old man Loveday, who lived in the bend of Clinch River, kept a boat anchored nearby to bring in his food supply. He just sat tight and refused to move. "You ain't paid me fer my place yet," he would say. "When you pay me enough money so's I can buy as good a place summers else, I'll be glad to move."

His cattle and hogs would wander over into highly restricted portions of the project. When officials would complain, he would blandly reply, "You know I can't get onto your land without a pass." Finally, the officials had to send in army trucks and cart the old man's livestock out. They unloaded the trucks just outside the Project Area, and left the old man with them, sitting on the side of the road.

Dozens of "incidents" bobbed up to add fuel to the fire of the evictees' discontent. One man bought a farm on the strength of the

land buyers' promise that he would be paid immediately. He had to wait so long for his money he lost his new farm.

Ed Browder received notice to vacate. He sold his stock and much of his farm equipment and feed—then he received notice that his farm would not be bought. Ed swore a little, threatened to sue the War Department, then restocked his farm. Just as he was getting his program going again he got another notice to vacate. This time the order stuck and he got off.

So far as can be ascertained, there was only one "satisfied" customer to be moved out of the Oak Ridge—Bill Bolton. He was living peacefully in his Smoky Mountain cabin operating his still up Roaring Branch, when the federal Park Service bought up a large tract of land, including Bill's ten acres, for a national park. Bill migrated to Union County where there was always an opening for a good moonshiner. A few years later the TVA came along and took his land, in connection with the Norris Dam project. He then moved further down Clinch River into Anderson County, where he still lived and was engaged in his favorite vocation, when he got his "Notice." But Bill was philosophical: "Used to be the only government men I had to deal with was revenuers and we understood each other. Seems like now, every time I come home from a 'run' they's a government man on my front steps with papers ordering me to move. If I knowed of a place where there warn't no government men but revenuers, I'd shore as Hell go there."

Horatio At the Bridge

Hard on the heels of its big "eviction" battle, the War Department ran into some sharp skirmishes with local officials over the purchase of public property, and over "policy" matters generally.

The county judge of Anderson County opened hostilities with a polite letter, suggesting that the county had been collecting some ten thousand dollars a year taxes from landowners of Oak Ridge—"Therefore could the War Department or some arm of the Federal Government, please, sir, pay a tax equivalent in this amount to Anderson County?"

The War Department boys retained an unruffled dignity, but made a clear statement of "policy": "There will be no tax equivalent payments."

The Judge then switched to the matter of schools—making a good case for a liberal evaluation on school property. He pointed out that additional costs were involved in making readjustments in the middle of the school term. The appraisers were unimpressed, offering only about half what the Judge said the buildings were worth.

In the matter of roads, the War Department brushed the Judge off neatly with this enunciation:

"It is the position of the War Department that due to the existence of adequate roads outside the area, additional highway facilities are not required to accommodate public traffic. . . . that where no replacement of roads is necessary there is no payment due."

Then came a sharp skirmish over the Edgmoor bridge, one end of which rested in Oak Ridge, and the other in "free" Anderson County. The Judge offered to sell, if they were in the market for a second-hand bridge—and got a straight-from-the-shoulder "policy" statement for his pains: "Bridges fall in the same category as the highway itself. 'Where no replacement is necessary, there is no payment due,' still pertains."

Within a month or so heavy traffic had worn out the bridge floor, and from the War Department to the Judge came a polite, firm note: "Since the bridge is outside the Oak Ridge area, and the War Department has not leased or bought it, its upkeep will be the responsibility of Anderson County."

Said the Judge: "Since we have no use for it, we may as well tear it down."

The War Department countered by submitting a contract, to pay one dollar a year rental and then operate and maintain the bridge. The contract was returned, unsigned, along with proper expressions of scorn and indignation.

A week later, while in the midst of a checker game with the Highway Superintendent, a sudden thought struck the Judge. He upset the checker board and galloped out of the office, shouting the East Tennessee counterpart of "Eureka." If their "policy" would permit their paying one dollar-a-year rental on the bridge, why, by the same logic, couldn't they pay $10,000 a year? Again he stormed the War Department battlements, undergirding his demands with this ultimatum: "Please notify those who are using the bridge to make arrangements to use some other route."

In a few days Colonel Carnell from the "project" called on the Judge. After a bit of sparring, they came out with an agreement—for the War Department to pay $10,000 per year rental on the bridge. The Colonel was to get the agreement ratified and send the Judge a copy. For weeks the Judge went about his tasks with the air of a cat who had eaten two canaries. Then he began to get a little nervous—suppose the Colonel failed to get approval of their deal? He called Oak Ridge but could not reach the Colonel. Whether he was out of town or had been transferred seemed to be a military secret.

But presently as the last fringe of the judge's hair was turning white, three army "brass hats" came marching into his office and announced: "We have been assigned the responsibility of negotiating a contract for the use of Edgmoor bridge." The Judge told the story of his agreement with Colonel Carnell. They looked at him pityingly and the leader spoke down his nose: "My dear fellow, we have examined Colonel Carnell's file and do not find any record of such an agreement."

The Judge held a poker face and raised the ante: 'Okay, gentlemen, if you don't want to lease the bridge, I give you fair warning—we are going to close *our end of it.*"

The leader, still looking down his nose, announced gently: "I would like to remind you that the bridge is being used by the United States army and you cannot close your end of it."

Open defiance of the War Department was a little too much for a local Horatio, so the Judge executed an orderly retreat: "O.K., maybe we can't close it permanently, but we may have to make some extensive repairs on it."

The Colonel caught the implication. He drew an exasperated breath, pulled a document from his brief case and laid it on the desk. "If your County Court approves this contract, Judge, have it properly executed and returned to us."

After the Brass had gone the Judge thumbed gingerly through the contract. It called for a cash payment of $4,000 and $200 a month for future use. "At least it's better than one dollar a year," he mused.

Then The Deluge

When the "Project" was announced, the mayor of Harriman wired the War Department and asked what the impact would be on

his city. A telegram assured the mayor that the effect would be negligible.

If the sender of the telegram had been in Harriman six months later he would have witnessed the passing of automobiles in a bumper-to-bumper stream down Main Street for two hours each morning and evening; each change of the street light was halting and starting traffic for three miles outside the city limits. In Clinton, nearest the main body of the project, the traffic swelled until cars entering and leaving the Project formed a solid block from the main part of town, to the edge of the Project, six miles away.

Each succeeding week local headlines announced new developments and a flood of humanity approaching the proportions of a tidal wave: "Dupont to open plant in area"; "Some men driving fifty to sixty miles to work"; "1800 persons making home in trailers"; "Health unit warns of danger of insanitary conditions"; "High school football field leased by town as trailer site." Street preaching became a nuisance in congested Clinton, and someone suggested an order forbidding taking up a collection as the best means of stopping it.

In and around Clinton, barns, basements, old garage buildings, chicken houses, and tents were pressed into service as sleeping quarters. From eight to a dozen roomers were lodged in nearly every home in town. One night the Chief of Police reported sixteen men sleeping in cars on Depot Street.

The Clinton *Courier* told about one of the waitresses at Hightower's Cafe, who sat down to catch her breath. One of the other girls was immediately at her side to take her order. It seems that waitresses were changed so fast they didn't get to know each other.

Population reports from towns near Oak Ridge indicated the extent of the deluge. Oliver Springs rose from a population of 855 in 1940 to nearly 4,000 in 1945; Harriman from 5,620 to over 9,000 in the same period; and Clinton from 2,761 (1940) to an estimated 10,000 (1945). Other towns for fifty miles around shared proportionately in ratio to distance, in the population influx.

Eventually, as dormitories and houses in the project were completed and housing units in neighboring towns increased, the pressure eased up a bit; but the old home towns still bulged at the seams. "We have no idea how many houses have been built in Oak Ridge, but we know there will soon be two more than there were. They just went

by on trucks while we were writing this. (Correction to readers—make that figure three now.)"

Everybody Gets Rich

One immediate result of this deluge of humanity was that the thrifty East Tennessee natives lined their pockets with the long green thrown about by the War Department and visiting Yankees.

First, there were jobs on the "Project." Farmers flocked in for "watchmen" jobs. Getting $.75 an hour just to sit around and watch a pile of "junk" was their idea of an economic Utopia.

Men and boys who had never done anything except farm a little, could, by paying dues to the union, become skilled workers in whatever "trade" they preferred. The majority of them, because they knew what a claw-hammer looked like, qualified as skilled carpenters, drawing their $1.25 to $1.50 per hour regular time, with all the overtime they could sandwich in. Village loafers and pool sharks for a radius of fifty miles turned up at Oak Ridge as skilled pipe fitters, steel construction men, or welders at $1.62 per hour—and strangely enough, most of them remained on the job for the duration.

High school boys, working part-time, made as much as $50 a week, considerably more than their teachers made working full time. Employing boys under eighteen as grease men for bulldozers and operators of steam shovels, brought a few protests from civic leaders. Fortunately there were no fatalities so the criticism subsided. School officials fretted, in their mild manner, about school age youngsters working without work certificates, but the parents didn't seem to mind, so they continued to prosper, temporarily, at least.

Not only were there ample jobs for "skilled" workers, but the labor unions, so the report went, insisted on plenty of jobs for unskilled workers. Stories were told of how from two to six men were employed on tasks normally done by one man. The County Court of Knox County even passed a resolution asking Congressional investigation of Oak Ridge's labor policy. Their chief complaint: "Officials insist on using several men to do the work that one could do."

But salaries and wages were the least of the economic returns. As one newspaper put it, "The project has brought prosperity to those who had something to sell, trade, lease, loan, or give away."

Rents skyrocketed until the OPA cracked down—sufficiently to bring outraged howls from owners, but not strong enough to cut out rent chiseling. Real estate prices doubled, tripled and then kept climbing until an owner dared not set any price on his property.

Stores were unable to keep goods on their shelves. OPA worked as frantically, and about as effectively, as a one-armed paper hanger, trying to keep prices anywhere near ceiling levels.

Figures on increased revenues from retail businesses are not available, but one store owner, in Clinton, who usually came out with an annual profit of about $3,000 paid slightly more than $15,000 in income taxes in 1943. For that matter, any store owner worth his salt paid more income tax for 1943 than his net earnings had been in 1942. The Union-Peoples Bank of Clinton reported increased deposits from one million in 1942 to three million in 1944 and five million in 1945.

City governments usually hard put to provide even a minimum of public services came in for their share of the money-making too. The Harriman *Record* reported: "Without fee grabbing, the Police Department of Harriman was financed entirely from fines collected from traffic violators and for city misdemeanors." So prosperous were the towns that all forms of "bank night" were discontinued, since the movie houses were full every night anyway.

New Wine in Old Jugs

Nobody objected to getting rich off the Project, but many felt that Uncle Sam's currency was being thrown around too lavishly—particularly that which was thrown in someone else's direction. There was the usual layman's gripe about government waste and inefficiency. Local workers brought stories out of the Project about dozens of houses being piled and burned, and of thousands of bales of wire and good steel tubing being dumped into sink holes and covered with dirt. Some of these tales were undoubtedly true, many were colored slightly, and others were pure fabrication, or based on a limited knowledge of the over-all picture.

In this category probably lies the story of Oak Ridge victory gardens. There were as many acres planted to radishes in these gardens as there were to potatoes. For two weeks there were enough radishes in Oak Ridge to feed the State of Tennessee. There would have been enough to feed Kentucky, too, if half the acreage had not been in a

river bottom where it was choked out by Johnson grass. And enough garlic was grown to feed the world, including Greece and Italy.

Other agricultural *faux pas* included plowing under a field of oats, within a month of harvest, in order to plant okra and leaving $10,000 worth of farm equipment in the fields to rust, because no one knew who was responsible for its care.

Even the engineers came in for local ridicule, when they built a two-mile stretch of road down a river bottom, only to learn, at a cost of $40,000, that the bottom was subject to periodic flooding.

If the hurry-up job of building Oak Ridge afforded natives fat morsels for gossip, the "Oak Ridgers" could, at least, chuckle at local communities, trying to solve some of their new and complex problems. A Harriman housing project was held up for over six months until a dilemma over a "reverter clause" in the city charter was resolved. A group of prohibitionists had tried to found a Utopia, as "an object lesson for thrift, sobriety, superior intelligence, and exalted moral character." To assure this exalted state, deeds to all city lots in Harriman contained a clause, stating that if intoxicating liquors were "manufactured, stored, or sold on the property, it will revert to the original owner." Eventually a court order was secured nullifying this "reverter clause."

Harriman also lost face when it levied and tried to collect a tax of $10 a year on trailers within the city limits. Only eight out of three-hundred trailer residents actually paid the tax, so the city gave up the idea.

Of all the problems growing out of the Project those of a social nature drew most attention. Headlines told some of the stories: "Oak Ridge Has First Murder—Negro Laborer Killed in Sleep After Winning in 'Crap' Game"; "Home-breaker Is Shot to Death by Project Worker"; "Angry Over Discharge, Two Beat Up Ex-Employer—All Held to Grand Jury"; "Two Wives Turn Up When Worker Dies; Both Seek His Car."

The local divorce problem, a relatively minor one before the Project, became something of a social headache. For a brief period divorces outnumbered marriages by more than two to one.

Natives and Furriners

In the early days of the Project, there was virtually no friction between "Oak Ridgers" and "Natives." Perhaps because the Project

was so sudden, so big, and so mysterious, and the pace so furious, that people just didn't have time to fall out. As time went on, clashes occurred here and there. At one stage there was a great upheaval and a beating of chests at Harriman, upon being slandered by a "furriner."

A lady who came from Oklahoma wrote to a friend back home:

> February 3, 1944:—At present we are living in a garage made into a sleeping room; and trying to keep house in that much space is no easy matter. These dumb hillbillies are about to drive us crazy. I didn't realize there could be such dumb people living in the U.S., and to think they make fun of Arkansas! They still have feuds down here and the old men go to town barefooted. They are very religious in their own simple way and the men rule the women with an iron hand. They fiight like cats and dogs over nothing at all, and everyone is related to everyone else. One lady has over 100 cousins around the town.
>
> This is a little mountain town and the only thing for amusement here is the theatre. Then you can't go on Saturday or Sunday as the Saturday shows are strictly cowboy pictures and they don't show any on Sunday. The drug stores don't even open on Sunday so there is nothing left to do but stay at home. They say, "I reckon"; "down the road a right smart piece"; "hit" instead of "it"; "you ens" and "we ens" and. of course "fer" and "you all."

Excerpts from this letter got into the local paper, and replies talked about "trailer trash," "the stupidity and ignorance of outsiders" and the like. One "letter to the editor" declared that "the only barefoot man seen in Harriman in the last fifteen years was a tramp from the Ozarks, who was just passing through."

A running fight, between Oak Ridge and the rest of Anderson County, was precipitated by a local option liquor election. A good many Oak Ridgers who wanted to vote were denied the right by local election officers, and the *drys* won the election. A mighty howl went up from the Oak Ridgers who were about ninety per cent *wet*. Anger in the city smouldered until another liquor referendum was called. This time they proceeded to outvote the rest of "dry" Anderson County. Shouts of "vote fraud" then went up from the other side. Liquor referendums are still precipitated almost as often as the law will permit, with the losers still calling "Fraud."

What's Cooking?

The late President Roosevelt's fetish of "nothing to fear but fear itself" applies to the native attitude toward all the hush-hush secrecy

of Oak Ridge. The only mystery to the natives was *why* it was a mystery. They couldn't see why the government didn't just announce what it was trying to do and do it, without all the fuss and feathers.

Although East Tennesseeans are still odds-on favorites, to find out more about where a stranger comes from, what he came for, and where he's going than any other group of people in the world, including the former German Gestapo and the present F.B.I.—they still maintain they are not nosy. They are, by and large, as taciturn in revealing information as they are persistent in acquiring it. But they just hate to be kept in the dark.

As soon as the Project started, they began trying to figure it out. One local Sherlock Holmes, as early as 1943, had this theory: "It's a device for splitting the atom. Exactly how it works, I can't say, but it goes something like this—you set a little gadget here, press a button, and say 'Git Adolph,' and everything around Berlin just blows up."

But the natives were not the only ones who were curious. One lady tourist spent several days trying to unravel the mystery. Her curiosity was first aroused when she breezed into a newspaper office and asked, "What are they making at this Oak Ridge Project down here?"

The editor replied, "I don't know."

"Well," she demanded, "who does know?"

Again he pleaded ignorance.

She exploded indignantly: "What right has the government got to take the taxpayers' money and not tell people what it is being used for? Part of my tax money is going into that plant and I'm going to find out what they are making." She stormed out like old Hudibras. What success she had in her venture is still unknown.

There were the usual stock of stories about the searching of cars and the confiscating of fire arms, cameras, intoxicating beverages, and the like. Some of the more staid citizens of the area fell victim to these safety precautions. The wife of the County Judge was detained several hours, duly grilled, and thoroughly frightened out of her wits when a twenty-two rifle was discovered in the back of her car. The Judge's explanation that he had been using it to shoot English sparrows and had inadvertently left it in the trunk compartment, finally "sprung" her.

The champion hound-caller from Knoxville got his trusty shotgun, with its musical barrel, confiscated and had a little trouble getting his valuable "calling piece" back.

The school superintendent, who had lived in the area, was caught taking pictures of his old home place. After several trips to Knoxville and Harriman and six months of correspondence, he got his camera back.

Sometimes the strictness with which ingress and egress was enforced, boomeranged. One story related how the air-conditioning in one of the buildings got out of order, forcing a work stoppage. In desperation, the officials called New York and asked for the man who had designed the equipment to be flown down to diagnose the trouble. The architect chartered a plane and arrived at Oak Ridge within a few hours. He could identify himself but failed to bring proper credentials. He had to twiddle his thumbs outside for three days, until his credentials were sent down.

The secrecy of the Project was the butt of many local jokes. One local wit posed this dilemma: "I understand that only five people know what the Project is about. Suppose when it is finished, these five men come to dedicate it, and the plane crashes."

Corny clichés were common, such as "They are making fourth-term buttons" ("suitcases for Eleanor") ("dog crates for Elliott"). The star Republican joke was "they are making the front end of horses and sending them to Washington to be assembled."

So far as is known, however, only one native took the secret seriously enough to quit his job in protest. "You are wasting too much money down here," the employee declared. His foreman pointed out that since he didn't *know* what was being made he couldn't know that money was being wasted. "I don't care what it is," he declared; "from the money they are spending to make it, I know it would be cheaper for the Government to buy it *already made*."

All in all, the mystery of Oak Ridge provided a lot of fun for curious natives—and a fourteen-carat headache for the top ranking project officials.

"'Times' Burst of Dawn'"

East Tennesseeans, like people the world over, were naturally stunned by the Hiroshima episode. But they were not, and are not yet, able to grasp the full significance of "atomic energy."

For one thing, a number of highly vocal New Deal critics were silenced. It also took the wind out of the sails of party-conscious Re-

publicans, who were all set to make capital of the "squandering of millions and millions of dollars on the Oak Ridge Project." These results were, of course, incidental and unworthy of mention, even when observed from a worm's-eye angle.

Being unable to grasp the idea of the atomic power and its implications for society, local interest gravitated to something it could more nearly understand—the power of money, men and machines for changing the face of the earth. During the period of construction residents had been more or less like the man who couldn't see the forest for the trees. Now that the intriguing secret was revealed, they began to view Oak Ridge from a different perspective. They became suddenly aware that in three years a city had grown from nothing to the fifth largest in Tennessee.

Statistics released by the War Department gave the first real glimpse of the magnitude of the Project: living quarters for 44,000 people; ten schools and over 10,000 children with 317 teachers; a 300-bed hospital and a 26-chair dental clinic; nine cafeterias, and five restaurants, thirteen supermarkets, nine drug stores, and seven theatres; over 300 miles of improved road and 55 miles of railroad; 350 busses carrying twenty-two and a half million passengers a year; more than 200 million board feet of lumber, 400,000 cubic yards of concrete, and 50,000 tons of structural steel used in construction work. *And the Cost* —here is where farmers with Scotch ancestry had to hold on to their hats—a total of one billion, six hundred sixty-five million dollars!

But no one was able quite to put into words his conception of the Product itself. There were fragments of philosophy here and there; "the beginning of the end of time"; "a discovery that will destroy civilization." But for the most part, local philosophers, when asked to comment, just shook their heads and said nothing. One minister, after urging by his flock, gave this version; whether he clarified the issue or muddied the water, no one seemed to know:

> For over five thousand years now, ever since Adam and Eve first started eating the apples that growed on the tree of knowledge, man has been trying to figure out what makes this old universe tick. He has explored the bowels of the earth, the depth of the seas, and has sailed like a bird through the sky. But he ain't never found the secret in none of these places. Then he has got out his microscope and his telescope and he has looked down and he's looked up, but he ain't never seen nothing that would give him the answer. Lately he has been tinkering around with electricity

and sound waves and radar, but in these he ain't never got more than a few hints. He ain't found out the secret.

But now he has gone and done it! In this here atom-splitting business he has discovered the secret of the universe. He knows now the stuff that the earth and man is made of. The only thing he don't know now, is what he is going to do with what he does know.

The Parson paused and the audience was still. Then he concluded his sermon: "You all asked me to preach on this new atomic power, and I've tried to do so. You want to know what we can do about this power, so's it won't destroy us. Now they's only one thing I know of, that we can do, and that is—" He paused and the audience craned its neck to hear the answer.

He opened his mouth, but no words came. It was as if he had been struck dumb. He tried again, but still no words. Then he sank to one knee, lowered his head, and said simply, "Let us pray."

Books - - - -

MORE THAN A CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY

Lázaro Cárdenas, Mexican Democrat. By William Cameron Townsend. With a foreword by Frank Tannenbaum. George Wahr Publishing Co., 1952. $4.

In this anecdotal, sketch-book sort of picture, Cárdenas of Mexico assumes a color which is his already: man of the people, humanitarian, Indianist, and patriot. During the years when Mexico climbed from the trough of depression up to the edge of World War II, Cárdenas was president of the country. He had come up the hard way, first as a revolutionary soldier. After that it was easier; he served Calles in many ways. He became chairman of the country's only political party, then governor of Michoacán, and, in 1934, moved right up into the presidency. Since then, he has been adviser to the government, elder statesman, a man of myth, folk-hero, and altogether a firm figure in the better traditions of Mexican liberalism and democracy. He moves without self-consciousness in this atmosphere of his country's progressive past, without knowing too much of its history, and as a man of action rather than of philosophy.

He has also moved in every clime, zone, region and district of Mexico's varied geography. Like Roosevelt he ushered in a New Deal out of past practices; like Roosevelt he traveled far and wide to see his program in action (and, perhaps, to be himself seen). There is no longer any doubt that this is a great man; obviously a great Mexican, but just as great a man seen against our entire hemisphere. The legends about him are many; now this first book-length biography makes him a real person, yet it also carves for him a niche among the gods.

Since it takes two to make a biography, something should be said here about the author—himself remarkable for his social and educational work among the Indians of Guatemala and Mexico. Hudson Strode, in his *Timeless Mexico* (1944), wrote a description eight years ago of the meeting from which Townsend and Cárdenas became personal friends. Cárdenas admired the teacher of Indian linguistics and the "secular" missionary. Although the Mexican President, unlike Roosevelt, was not religious, nor much of a churchgoer, he responded quickly to the example of Christian simplicity, charity, progress, and ethics which could be made to coincide with the Social Revolution of 1917. Townsend was thus in a special and unique position to see Cárdenas in work, travel, accomplishment, and setback.

This is not biography in the psychoanalytic sense; it lacks both diarist materials and clinical reconstruction of the thoughts of the subject. Oddly enough, it resembles campaign literature extended and enlarged to cover

the details of the Cárdenas career. Yet it is a major contribution to the literature and the record of liberalism and the struggle for democracy in the Americas. The author's frank admiration for Cárdenas and their agreement upon the subject matter known as the "people" give the volume a gospel-like sincerity and straightforwardness. And the man Cárdenas lives up to the style which depicts him. Cárdenas emerges not primarily as a personality in this book; he is courageously and stubbornly dedicated to the aims of humanity.

Like *Reconquest of Mexico: the Years of Lázaro Cárdenas*, by N. and S. C. Weyl (1939), this book is careful to record the social and economic legislation of the period. Townsend, however, adds much more. There is not only greater detail in the record; Townsend has also had the benefit of personal contact with the past and present of Cárdenas' own life. When the entire book is finished there is, at least for this reader, a clean taste in the mouth for the subject. But one looks in vain for the recipe which made up this Cárdenas in our day and age. How much of this, how much of that went into him we shall have to know from other biographies and later sources. From the present mixture, all we can discern is a combination of social, Christian, creole-nationalist, and military purposes, out of whose ingredients one of the most unusual men of Mexican history has emerged.

Cárdenas at this moment appears to be in retirement, advising and consulting but not making any use of his overwhelming popular appeal to dominate his two successors. We do not yet know what he will do to advise and consult for the forthcoming presidential elections, in July, 1952, but it is safe to say that his presence must always be felt as long as he remains alive. This is where he again differs from Franklin Roosevelt. Even when the pace of his social program and the economic aims of the Revolution have slowed down in the postwar governments of Mexico, he has not reappeared actively in politics. Perhaps this is the role he wants: elder statesman and folk-hero. Few men become president; fewer still become heroes to their own people.

This is a most useful book, and ought not to be limited to those interested in Latin America. And not only because the democratic process can be seen better when it struggles to work in our neighbor's back yard. Cárdenas helped force a new and internally stable nation on our southern border. In twenty-five years Mexico changed from a lukeworm neighbor, neutral towards us in World War I, to an active ally, associated with us in World War II. Now, in Mexico, one can be a patriotic Mexican and a friend of the United States at the same time. This used to be impossible.

HARRY BERNSTEIN
Brooklyn College

INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP

Is Anybody Listening? By William H. Whyte, Jr. and the editors of Fortune. Drawings by Robert Osborn. Simon & Schuster, 1952. $3.

This book started out as a study of the campaign to sell the American people on "free enterprise," "the American Way of Life," and such. It explores the public relations counseling employed, the mom's-apple-pie art, and the folksy-prose approach and comes swiftly (page 7) to the conclusion that "it is not worth a damn." From this takeoff, the book ties into marketplace semantics, business language (both standard and the shirtsleeve kind Whyte calls "reverse gobbledygook"), the problems of "selling America" abroad, the social complexities of business hierarchy, and the special place of the executive's wife in corporate social engineering. The writing is lively and whatever stuffing it might have overlooked in the boiled shirts is adequately mopped up by the Osborn drawings.

The chapters most likely to interest *Review* readers, though, are the last two ("The Social Engineers" and "Groupthink"). Here Whyte considers a salient of the mushrooming field of applied social science (group dynamics, participation, communications, "Social Engineering"). And here he does some serious viewing-with-alarm. He sees the "profoundly authoritarian" possibilities in these manipulative techniques and he wants no part of "a machine for the engineering of human mediocrity." The bull market for groupiness, Whyte suggests, is due to our need for certainty; in the absence of the old metaphysical and moral certainties, we leap like hungry bass at the certainty of a group norm.

He makes a strong case (and it needs to be made) for the individual, the layman, the what-the-hell sort of character who carries his center of gravity on the inside of him. But the key question (it seems to this reviewer) is not, Is the group approach good or bad? Neither is it a matter of "individual versus group." The key questions are more like: in what sort of problems can group techniques be a valuable tool? What are the shortcomings and dangers of this bag of tricks?

This reviewer's (slight) experience with group dynamics suggests that when the current enthusiasm for groupiness has run its course, the sober common judgment about it will involve something like the following:

That it can help greatly to melt the prejudices, fears, and inhibitions which often frustrate communication and agreement within a group. And that the process itself is enriching and is fun.

That it provides useful insights and working methods for group operations, especially in their subverbal and subrational ramifications. And that a manipulative approach to a group situation is apt to be self-defeating.

That an elective group, legislating for a larger constituency, will cultivate group dynamics at some peril—because group closeness increases the problems of communicating with the larger nongroup and it is normal to

suspect and resent other people's closeness.

That decisions involving complex variables of fact and judgment are risky material for groupiness—because the smooth-working group may easily mistake its interpersonal euphoria for sound judgment.

That tentativeness and humility are needed in group process—not only because a group can be unanimously wrong, but because the unreconstructed individual (however much he may sand up the group bearings) has a vital role to play in the total picture.

As Whyte notes in his Preface, "The subject of communication . . . is open end." He has done a stimulating and entertaining job of helping keep it that way.

FREEMAN CHAMPNEY